HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 27, 1881.

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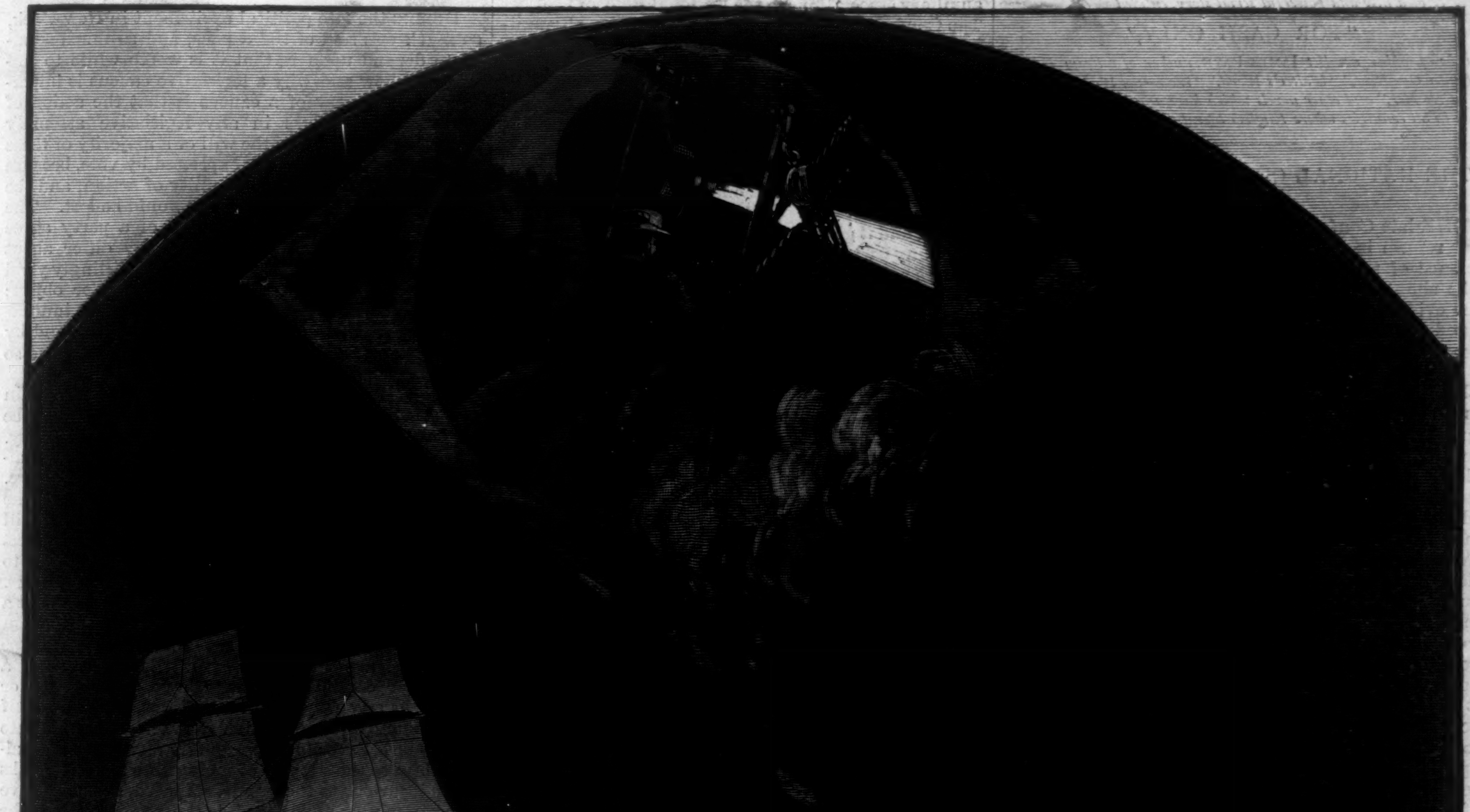


THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 587.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 95 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued August 23, opens with a story for boys by* GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, *entitled "The Mistake About Hamp See," with a front-page illustration. The number also contains Chapter IV. of "Tim and Tip," by the author of "Toby Tyler," illustrated by* ROGERS; *Chapter II. of "Penelope," by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *illustrated by* ABBEY; *"Knots," and how to tie them, with twenty illustrations; "Uncle Harry's First Panther," a page of Wiggles, and other attractions.*

NEW SERIAL STORY.

In this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapter of a new and powerful serial story, entitled*

"FOR CASH ONLY,"

by the popular novelist JAMES PAYN, *author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," and other novels which have acquired wide circulation in all countries where English literature is known.*

THE NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE.

THE late Conference at Newport of the friends of reform in the civil service was a natural consequence of the formation of the local associations. The simultaneous appearance of these societies was the evidence that the sentiment of reform had matured to the point at which organized common action becomes necessary; and as the question is national, a national organization has been naturally formed. The Newport Conference was exceedingly interesting as showing that, without especial correspondence among the various associations in the country, their general views both of the evils and the remedy are identical, and that cordial co-operation is therefore assured. Even the difference of opinion which seemed to be disclosed in regard to tenure of office was mainly apparent. The tenure contemplated by the Constitution is that of efficient service. The limitation imposed by the law of 1820, under the plea of securing greater responsibility, was really designed to make the civil service party plunder, and it has proved to be one of the most effective agencies for that purpose. If the public business is to be conducted upon business principles, a fixed term is as unnecessary as it would be in private business, because, if the service be efficient, the expiration of the term would be followed by re-appointment. With a proper method of appointment, therefore, fixity of term is both unnecessary and suspicious. But without a proper method of appointment the fixity insures the continuance of all the abuses that demand reform. The PENDLETON bill provides a just method of appointment, and if it were adopted, the real reason for a fixed tenure would disappear, and a return to the constitutional term would be easy. The Conference, therefore, finding that there was a difference of opinion about the expediency of a declaration which would be certainly interpreted as a demand for a life tenure—which is a very different thing, and which is not an object of the reform—wisely agreed upon a unanimous declaration, to which every friend of reform assents, of uncompromising opposition to arbitrary removals, and to Congressional interference in appointments. The discussion revealed no essential difference of opinion. Even those who favored a limitation of term did not favor rotation in office. The result is that all the action taken by the Conference was spontaneous with the delegates from every part of the country, and stands as the authoritative expression of the practical policy to be pursued.

The PENDLETON bill is criticised severely by Senator DAWES, who was one of the committee which reported it. He prefers to call those whose views of methods differ from his own "theorists," but he warily avoids saying why his theory of a remedy, or his system of conducting examinations, does not expose him to the terrible epithet of "theorist." Those to whom he gives the name, however, are not advocates of a theory, but of a practice which has been perfectly successful for two years in the great Custom-house and Post-office of the country. But even were its entire practicability not proved, its theory would be certainly much less visionary than the Senator's proposal of a pledge between members of Congress and their constituents. Senator DAWES is quite correct in saying that Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes gives the President ample power to prescribe rules. It was under that statute that President GRANT appointed the original Commission, and the rules which that Commission prepared in 1871–72 are substantially those which are now enforced in the New York Custom-house. But, as President GRANT said in his message submitting them to Congress, their whole force lies in the pleasure of the President, and expires with his term. They would bind no successor. They are not law. But the PENDLETON bill provides a legal method for the action of the President under Section 1753, substituting a law for personal will; and in pursuance of that public opinion upon which, as Senator DAWES truly says, the reform must rest, it provides for minor appointment by competition.

Whether the details of the PENDLETON bill may not be improved in some particulars we do not say, but when we agree upon the principle of competition, we can all work together, whether we accept the theories of Senator DAWES or he accepts ours. The objective point for all of us at present is not merely agitation to induce the President to use the powers that he possesses under the statute; it is also to provide a legal form in which those powers may be exercised. For this purpose the Conference urged the passage of the PENDLETON bill, and the central committee which was appointed will serve as the intermediary of the associations in recommending methods and concentrating action. Those who are interested in the reform should at once begin the organization of local auxiliary associations to the National Reform League. The Conference favored the formation of such auxiliary clubs in Congressional districts. The effect will be twofold. First, they will affect public opinion at every point; and second, they will affect Congressional action. The first result will be accomplished by local agitation, the second by organizing the voters of both parties who favor reform, and thus admonish candidates and members of both parties to be prudent in opposing it. The National League itself is absolutely non-partisan. It is composed of voters of both parties, and it gives neither its name nor its influence to aid any party or person. Membership of the League pledges no one to support the candidates of any party. But voters to whom this reform seems to be vitally important will naturally lean toward the party whose success seems to them to promise to secure it. In the present state of public sentiment this is a fact which should be diligently pondered by those whom it may concern.

THE VIRGINIA BOURBONS AND THE COALITION.

A BOURBON Democrat in Virginia writes a letter to the *Evening Post*, in which, as that journal shows him, he unconsciously "gives away" his whole case. The claim of the Bourbons in Virginia is that they stand for the State honor in payment of the debt. But although having all the power, not only have they hitherto omitted to add practice to their professions of regard for the State honor, but they have now declared that they will not increase taxation, without which, of course, there is no provision for the payment of the debt, and the Bourbon correspondent of the *Post* says in substance that the question of honesty between the Bourbon and the MAHONE Democrats is one of comparison only. This is the end of the case. The only argument which the Bourbons could hope to find effective is that of prompt and absolute financial honesty. But that is advanced neither by their conduct nor by this confession. The real question in Virginia, as we have already intimated, is that of breaking up the old Bourbon party despotism, and of a practical regeneration of the State by acquiescence in the changed conditions that followed the war.

There has been great complaint of the enfranchisement of the freedmen in all the Southern States. In Virginia it has been a ground of severe criticism, even from Union men, that education was not made a condition of the franchise. There are such men in Virginia to-day who insist that there should be an amendment to the Constitution of the United States requiring educated suffrage in every State. But as an excuse for maintaining Bourbon ascendency, this is the mere madness of politics. It is as plain to every sensible man as anything can be that no existing voter or class of voters will be disfranchised. There will be no return in travel to sloops and stage-coaches, nor in manufactures to hand-looms. The problem is not how to get back to travelling four miles an hour, but how to insure greater safety in travelling twenty miles an hour. The question in Virginia, as in New York, is how to make the suffrage that we have as intelligent as possible. In Virginia, as in New York, the first preliminary condition is fair play. The kind of sluggishness which is observed in the renewal of the condition of the Southern States is due, first of all, to the want of fair play. Experience has shown the new voters that the old voters mean to suppress them as much as possible, and by every means. We gladly acknowledge the exceptions to such a general statement, and we do not say that the exhibition of this spirit is always the same. It is not alleged, we believe, that the frauds at elections are so shameless and flagrant in Virginia as in South Carolina. But there are a hundred little ways, by teasing laws intended to affect injuriously the colored citizens, as a class, in which this spirit can be manifested, and these have not been wanting in Virginia.

The MAHONE movement is at least a break in this Bourbon policy, and it affords an outlet into a better situation. The experience of Bourbon domination has not taught the colored citizens to anticipate any kind of relief from its continuation, and those who, although not nationally Democrats, have supported Democratic State control, ought to see that any future limitation of the suffrage, or any similar measure which seems to them a measure of relief, is not to be found in Bourbon ascendency. The color line, which has been drawn deeper and deeper by the failure to divide the new voting class, is the obstruction to be removed. Nothing can be fairer and more Republican, as we said last week, than the declarations of the Bourbon platform. But nothing is plainer than that the performance has not been in accord with the profession. The issue in Virginia is really between the coalition and Bourbonism, and those who sincerely desire to see the Bourbon declarations become the basis of the State policy can hardly profess that they honestly believe that such is likely to be the result under Bourbon auspices.

THE CAUCUS.

DURING the late political excitement in New York, so much was said of the caucus, and so much seemed to depend upon it, that it is worth while to understand how and why a legislative caucus is important. The theory of a caucus is that the action of party representatives in any legislative assembly must be determined by the will of a majority of these representatives previously expressed by vote, because otherwise there would be no unity of action, and the advantage of superior numbers would be lost. The assumption is that the adherents of a party agree upon principles and policy, but may differ about agents and measures, and that all will willingly yield the minor preference to secure the greater object; consequently it is understood that all who voluntarily take part in the caucus are honorably bound by its decisions. This is the theory of a caucus, and so far it is plausible and reasonable.

But this obligation is plainly subject to certain conditions. The first is that the majority shall be an honest majority, an unbought and free majority. The second is that the action prescribed shall be injurious neither to the public nor to the party welfare. Of both these facts the individual member of the caucus must be the judge. No honorable man will submit to be bound by votes which are not as honest as his own, and no such man will allow others to bind him to a course which he morally disapproves. For instance, if the object of the caucus be to select a candidate, no honorable man will respect the decision of the majority if he sees that it is composed of those who have a personal interest in the selection of a particular candidate, or who have been bought or bribed in any way; and he will not permit himself to be bound by the decision if it selects a candidate whom he believes to be personally unworthy, or commits him to the support of measures which he thinks to be injurious to the public. Indeed, the legislative caucus, as now understood, is the point at which the power of the majority is apt to become most tyrannical, because it is the point at which the majority of a majority, that is, a minority of the whole number of a legislature, determines legislative action. To justify acquiescence in the decisions of a caucus, therefore, they must be manifestly perfectly independent and fair.

The real value of a caucus, however, even in theory, lies in its deliberative character. Its intention may be to ascertain the will of the majority, but only after candid consultation. This object, however, has now disappeared. The caucus has now become merely a means of binding the minority to the previous determination of the majority, and its purpose is to prevent consultation or comparison of views. Party men who are also independent will therefore avoid the caucus more and more, not because they do not wish the success of their party, nor because they deny the advantage of concerted action, but because they see that the present object of a caucus is to annul its real purpose. It should be a consultation in which every member of a party states his view of the proper course to be taken—a consultation which settles by vote the view of the majority, and which then leaves every man's final action to be decided by his conviction of the desirability of the party success. This conviction, and not the mere weight of the majority, should be the decisive consideration. The result of this kind of caucus would be that doubtful candidates and measures would be discarded, and those only would be presented which would certainly command united support. In the late party contest at Albany the sticklers for caucus rule showed their complete misunderstanding of a caucus from their own professed point of view. Its object, they said, is to ascertain the will of a majority of the party. But if the will of that majority upon the point in question be ascertained and verified by vote, the object of a caucus has been attained. Upon their own principle, therefore, they were honorably bound to yield the moment that any person received a majority of Republican votes. The "conference" of the Administration men was the kind of caucus which ought always to be held—a meeting for consultation merely, leaving subsequent action entirely independent.

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

The adhesion of the English House of Lords to the amendments upon the Irish Land Bill which the House of Commons rejected showed at once the fact that the really controlling spirit of the British government, which is public opinion, has outgrown its form. But it is the characteristic of English conservatism to cling to the form, however obsolete, and to remedy every discrepancy without radical change. It is also characteristic of English statesmanship to seek a compromise to avoid the consequences of a vital difference. There were several courses open to the ministry. They might have "swamped" the House of Lords by creating new peers enough to give the ministry a majority—the course that was threatened in 1832 at the passage of the Reform Bill; or they might have dissolved Parliament to take a direct appeal to the country upon the Irish Bill; or they might have resigned, and allowed a Tory ministry to undertake the government, and dissolve Parliament for a new election.

But they decided to avoid a direct and dangerous breach, if possible, by conceding minor points. This was condemned by the extreme and unreasoning Liberals as a surrender, but the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the most powerful of really radical journals, described it simply as giving the Lords a loop-hole to crawl out of their position. If he could save the essential parts of his bill, Mr. Gladstone probably did not desire to appeal to the country upon the value of the Upper House, which would be the essential issue. If the House of Lords, by resisting the great majority of a Parliament so recently elected, should put the country to the great excitement and expense of a new election, it is impossible that the question should not be vehemently asked whether a privileged hereditary House that can at any time and under any pretense obstruct the will of the people is so valuable an institution that it should be preserved at every cost. Some of the English journals state this aspect of the situation very plainly, and any Tory action which should submit to the country the question of the existence of the House of Lords would be a characteristic proceeding, but one of very uncertain result.

There is undoubtedly some dissatisfaction among a certain Liberal interest with parts of the Land Bill. The regard for property in land, which the philosophers would call one of the "overloaded" tendencies of the English race, has been shocked in some degree by a proposition which is held to authorize some kind of interference with an Englishman's right to do what he will with his own. The plausible appeal to this feeling is the assertion that if Parliament may interfere with the landlord's absolute ownership in Ireland, it may also interfere with it in England. To this argument the substantial answer is that the law is an expedient to prevent worse evils, and this is really a sound and satisfactory reply to the English mind, which regards government at every point as a mere system of expedients. The English political mind is suspicious of abstract principles and logic, but it revels in make-shifts and expediencies. There is also a saving common-sense which assures the Englishman that Ireland is a different country from England, and that its people are no less different from his countrymen, and therefore that much is suitable for Ireland that would be unfit for England. The amazing Liberal victory in the election of the present Parliament was not only a vote of want of confidence in Jingo policy, but it was a vote of confidence in Mr. Gladstone. It was known that he was sure to propose a vigorous and even radical Irish policy. The triumphant passage of his bill in the Commons after the long and searching debate shows that confidence in him is not relaxed, and his bill, the Lords having assented to the amendments of the Commons, has become law.

THE GOVERNOR DEFIED.

The fourth quarterly meeting of the State Board of Health, at Niagara Falls, devoted great attention to the report upon stench nuisances, and the board unanimously voted that the facts submitted by the special committee be transmitted to the Governor, with the recommendation that the responsible producers of the nuisances depending upon the use of huge quantities of acid be stopped until such time as all causes of nuisances are removed. This recommendation is extended to places on Barren Island as well as those on Newtown Creek.

The press has spoken so plainly upon the subject that the Brooklyn Commissioner of Health has written to the *Times* to repel a charge that the Brooklyn Board of Health has defended or sustained stench nuisances in any way whatever. Indeed, the Commissioner asserts that the informant of the *Times* "knowingly lied," and that he will gladly unite in any legitimate effort to remove the nuisances both of New York and Newtown. It is a question certainly upon which there should be no local jealousy. If there are stench factories in New York, they should be dealt with as rigorously as those on Long Island.

We are glad to learn that those who by residence or travel are exposed to personal inconvenience and harm, or to pecuniary loss, by the Newtown nuisances, have taken steps to form the Long Island Sanitary Association, for the purpose of organized legal action to rescue their homes and their families from the pest. The wonder now is that the Governor's vigorous proclamation has not been followed by equally energetic action. The law authorizes him to require the district attorney, the sheriff, and other officers to take all necessary measures to enforce his order. Has the Governor required such action of the officers of Queens County? And if so, have those officers taken steps to enforce the order against the nuisances? The State Board of Health evidently thinks that they have not.

PRESIDENTIAL "INABILITY."

We print elsewhere a letter from Mr. George Ticknor Curtis upon the provisions of the Constitution relating to the "inability" of the President. The writer is of opinion that the Executive Power is a unit, and that "inability" consists in incapacity to discharge all the duties of the Presidential office, even if some can be performed. But this incapacity must be legally ascertained, and obviously it is not to be determined by the Vice-President. The Constitution makes no express provision for ascertaining, but the power is granted to Congress by the authority given to pass all laws necessary for carrying into execution, not only certain specified powers, but all the powers of the government. When, therefore, the Executive Power, which never legally ceases, is suspended, the government must be saved from anarchy by a law prescribing the method in which inability is to be determined; and the President may be able to sign a proclamation summoning Congress, and able to sign the bill itself, without necessarily being able to fulfill all the Executive duties.

The letter is an interesting contribution to the discussion, and by clearly stating the omission, emphasizes the necessity of Congressional action upon the subject. The theory of the unity of the Executive Power, as stated by the writer, seems to us to be unimportant and questionable. But without discussing the point, and however the deep anxiety of the moment in which we write may be resolved, there is no question of the imperative necessity of a legal method of ascertaining constitutional "inability."

A HERO FITLY HONORED.

The recent touching and impressive memorial service for Captain Smith, of the steamer *Seawanhaka*, was a tribute to a man who bravely did his duty amid awful peril, and did it with the simple heroism to which it does not occur that anything else is to be done. That is, in fact, the highest heroism. A man placed upon a conspicuous scene, and sustained by universal attention, finds an inspiration in that consciousness. But the man in a private position whose self-command and ready resource in a sudden and desperate emergency enable him to save scores of lives, at the utmost peril of his own, is no less a hero than Sir Philip Sidney and the Chevalier Bayard.

Captain Smith deserves the tribute of respectful commemoration. He deserves also the monument that was suggested. If the soldier and sailor who fight and fall for their country on land or sea bequeath an example which should be remembered and honored, not less should the brave engineer who dies in saving his railway train, or the captain who rescues others from the flames which are burning his vessel and enveloping him, be borne in lasting and grateful and inspiring memory.

AN EXPLANATION.

A correspondent suggests that an article in these columns some time ago implied that all pension and claim attorneys are "plotters against the government," and insists that such a statement is very unjust. We agree that any unqualified generalization of the kind would be exceedingly unfair. We do not mean to assert or to insinuate that there are no honest men engaged in the prosecution of pension claims. But our correspondent will admit that it is a business to which many persons resort with very doubtful motives—to say no more—and that the exultation of that class over any official change properly throws suspicion upon the change. When it was said of a famous advocate, "Thieves wept to hear of his death," the meaning was that the advocate had saved thieves from justice. We have known and acknowledged the efficient and honest service of claim agents, and we should be very sorry to be thought to asperse them as a class.

EXHIBITION OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

The trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts propose to hold an exhibition of American wood-engravings in that city, opening on October 5, and continuing for five weeks. All wood-engravers in the United States are invited to contribute, the number of engravings from any one person being limited to ten. Frames are not needed, and the contributions must be delivered not later than September 28.

This will be one of the most interesting and significant exhibitions of the kind ever held in the country. For wood-engraving has become a distinctive American art. Its progress and development are extraordinary, and it has opened a career to a host of admirable artists. The historical aspect of the exhibition will be very valuable if, as we hope, there shall be such a collection of specimens at various periods that the direction and character of the growth of the art can be properly studied.

Wood-engraving has now attained a delicacy and softness and variety of expression which the steel can not surpass. Its comparative cheapness, although no good art of the kind is positively cheap, permits its common use for illustration, and the literature of fiction and of travel is now profusely decorated with a charm that adds greatly to its value. The proposed exhibition will be well worthy of attention, and it is in the most capable hands.

PERSONAL.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton delivered, at Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 8th inst., an address on the two-hundredth anniversary of the building of the meeting-house in that place. The occasion derived additional interest from the fact that Professor Norton is the lineal descendant of the minister settled over the parish when the meeting-house was built. This was John Norton, who graduated from Harvard in 1671. "Five generations of my forefathers," said he, "united with your ancestors in worship under this roof. I see around me the descendants of those who listened to the first sermon heard from the ancient pulpit. The names of Hobart, Lincoln, Thaxter, Beal, Cushing, Fearing, Loring, Hersey, Whiton, Sprague, attest the permanence of the families of the early settlers, and the continuity of the life of the town, while they bear honorable witness to the excellence of the stock planted here." The pastorate of Mr. Norton and his successor, Ebenezer Gray, extended to over one hundred years.

—On Tuesday, the 16th, when there were grave fears that the President might not survive many hours, Queen Victoria sent the following telegram to the White House:

> *To Mrs. Garfield, Washington, D. C.:*
> I am most anxious to know how the President is to-day, and to express my deep sympathy with you both. The Queen, Osborne.

To this warm expression of womanly sympathy Mrs. Garfield immediately sent the following reply:

> *Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Osborne, England:*
> Your Majesty's kind inquiry finds the President's condition changed for the better. In the judgment of his medical advisers there is strong hope of his recovery. His mind is entirely clear, and your Majesty's kind expressions of sympathy are most grateful to him, as they are gratefully acknowledged by me. Lucretia R. Garfield.

—Dr. Edward M'Glyn, a native of this city, a graduate of the Propaganda at Rome, a scholar and linguist of high attainments, and one of the most effective pulpit orators of the Church of Rome in the United States, has been named, it is said, for the vacant bishopric of Nashville, Tennessee. It would be difficult to make a selection in every respect more admirable.

—The Franklin Fund, in Boston, which was intended by the old printer and philosopher to be used for the encouragement of young mechanics, now amounts to $259,069.

—Mr. Thurlow Weed has never ridden on the Elevated Railway, not on account of any principle or prejudice, but as time is no object with him it does not matter whether it takes ten minutes or half an hour to go down town. The surface roads are more convenient for him, as his eyesight is somewhat impaired, and he has no stairs to climb.

—The Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, daughter of Lord Halifax, and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, are the two wealthiest widows in England. The first inherited from her husband two splendid seats, each with a deer park, and an income above $150,000 a year. Mrs. Gerard Leigh, who sails in the finest steam-yacht afloat, owns Luton Park, formerly the seat of the Bute family, and a fine house in Grosvenor Square, London. She entertains liberally, whereas Mrs. Meynell-Ingram lives quietly.

—Sir Bartle Frere lately stated that in a single year diamonds of the value of $17,500,000 had passed through the Cape Town post-office.

—Ex-President Hayes resides at Fremont in a large double house, of a manorial appearance, in the midst of a plot of thirty acres, and seems as happy and comfortable as possible.

—Mrs. John Bigelow is said to have attracted much attention at the recent state concert in London, the Prince of Wales introducing her personally to the Princess of Wales and others of the royal family—a task that devolves in general upon the Lord Chamberlain.

—Mr. Courtney, M.P., who has just been appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, owes his Parliamentary and official advancement solely to himself. After a short time passed in a banking house he went to Cambridge, where he gained prizes and a fellowship, and subsequently was appointed to the chair of Political Economy in University College, London. In 1876 he was elected to Parliament, where he has gained considerable reputation as a debater. Since 1864 he has been one of the principal leader-writers on the London *Times*. He has also written several pamphlets on financial subjects, including a paper on the "Finances of the United States," and the article on "Banking" in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

—It is said in London that Mr. Froude will soon be elevated to the peerage, in accordance with the precedent set in the case of the historian Macaulay.

—Lord Rosebery has many friends in the United States who will be glad to learn that he has accepted the office of Under-Secretary for the Home Department—a position of importance, demanding ability and industry. Mr. Gladstone's warm personal friendship for Lord Rosebery is well known, and also his desire to place Lord R. in some position where his capabilities as a speaker and his knowledge of affairs could be utilized by the government. He is now thirty-four years old. In 1871, soon after he succeeded to the earldom, he was selected by Mr. Gladstone to second the address in the House of Lords in reply to the speech from the throne. Since then he has been often and always creditably before the public. He was president of the Social Science Congress which met at Glasgow in 1874, and made an admirable speech on that occasion. In 1878 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Of the younger British nobility few possess so many of the qualities which lead to success in political life as the new Under-Secretary.

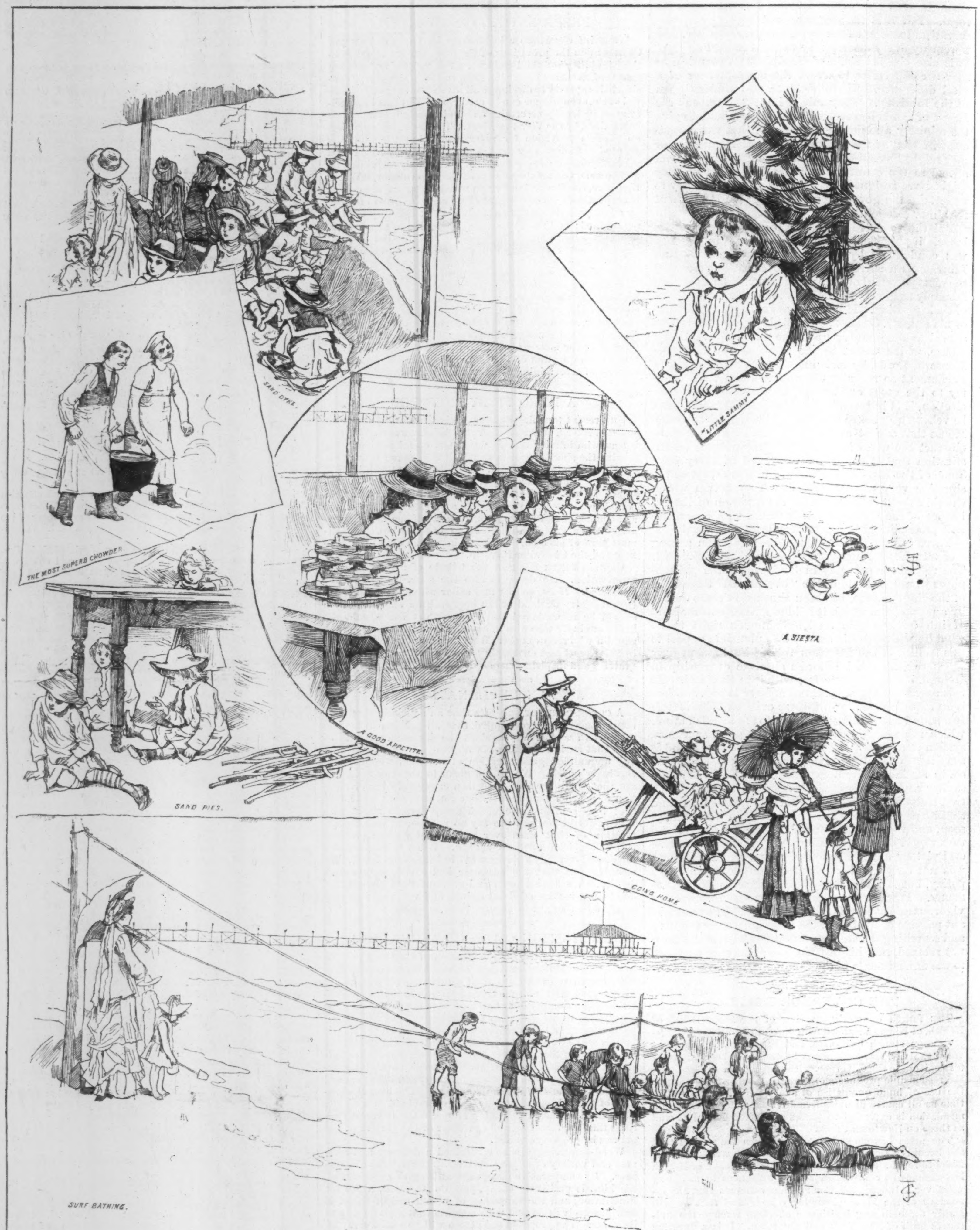
—Mr. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, who to many fine personal qualities adds the duties of president of a great railway—the Milwaukee and St. Paul—and the ownership of one of the leading banks of the West, and who does everything on a large scale, had the pleasure of gathering some fifteen hundred gentlemen and ladies at his spacious mansion a few days since on the occasion of the marriage of his niece and ward, Miss Isabella Mitchell, to Dr. William Mackie. He had the added pleasure—so the papers say—of bestowing a fortune on the newly connubled pair.

—On the day of Dean Stanley's death the sacrament was administered to him by Canon Farrar, the dean himself pronouncing the blessing in a full, intelligible voice, and taking leave of every one individually, including the servants. The day passed quietly, and as evening came on his breathing grew difficult, but there was no sign of pain. Death came calmly, without even the motion of a limb.

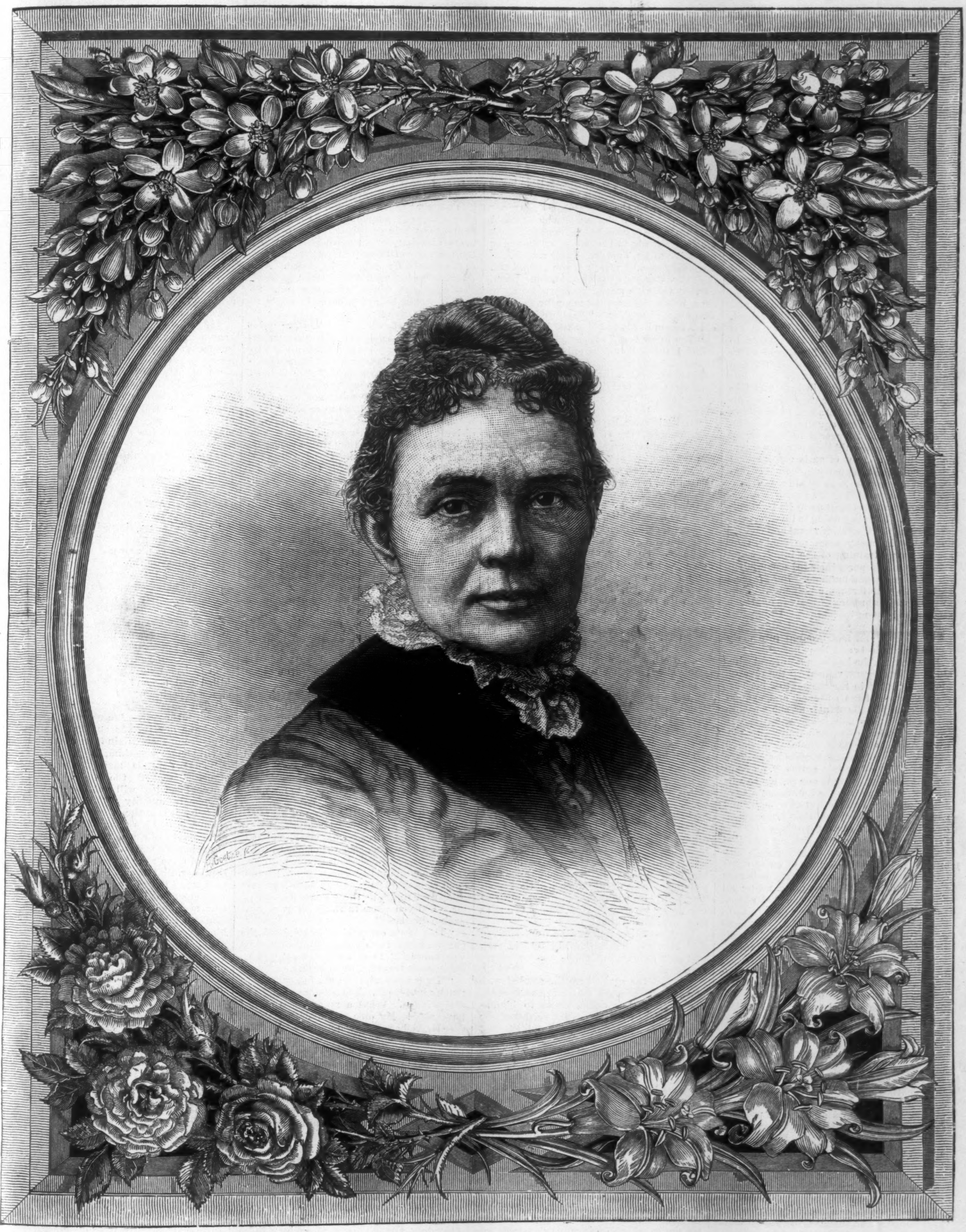
—Lord Cairns is now the only ex-Lord Chancellor in receipt of a pension. In 1873 there were five who enjoyed that pecuniary felicity.

—Of the 327 Catholic priests who were in this country in 1834, only four are now alive—Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, Archbishop Henni, of Milwaukee, the Rev. James Fitton, formerly of Worcester, Massachusetts, and the Rev. Mr. Havermans, of Troy.

—The manner in which Dr. Schliemann won his wife is quite out of the ordinary line of courtship, and is thus pleasantly described by the doctor himself. "It is now twelve years," he says, "since I met her in the house of her parents in Athens. It was a Saturday. In the course of the conversation I made an astonishing discovery. The young eighteen-year-old girl, as the talk turned upon the Iliad, recited for me a long piece from that work with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the same day I was able to tell her, 'Next Thursday will be our wedding day.' And Thursday was our wedding day, for important business called me at once to Paris. We made our wedding journey thither. Then came the time for learning. I recited Homer to her, and she repeated it after me. During our married life we have not had a single falling out—not even over Agamemnon and his sister. The only dispute we ever had was when we had different ideas about the rendering of a passage in Homer."


SAND DYKE.
"LITTLE SAMMY"
THE MOST SUPERB CHOWDER
A GOOD APPETITE.
A SIESTA
SAND PIES.
GOING HOME
SURF BATHING.

LITTLE CRIPPLES BY THE SEA—SCENES AT THE SURF HOUSE, ROCKAWAY BEACH.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.—[See Page 587.]



MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Photographed by J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio.—[See Page 582.]

MRS. GARFIELD.

THE affliction that has fallen upon the President and his family has brought its various members more distinctly before the nation than was ever the case before, and a warm sympathy has naturally been aroused for the faithful wife and mother, who almost arose from her own sick-bed to watch over her husband's. No doubt there is many a wife and mother watching with equal devotion the sick and suffering husband or son, through all the breadth of our land: the duties of family life are nowhere more faithfully performed than with us; the devoted wife, sister, or mother is the rule rather than the exception. But all these are lost in obscurity in the silent round of private life. Their examples live only in the memory of their friends, and it is at least a source of consolation and instruction when we discover by the stern light affliction throws upon the family of Mr. GARFIELD that he is sustained and watched over in his sufferings by one worthy the name of wife. It is on the virtues of private life that all our institutions rest. The sacred ties of family and home give strength to the Constitution and the laws. The faithful wife and mother educates us all to deserve freedom, and makes freedom possible.

As the farmer's daughter, the pupil, and afterward the teacher, in a public school, as the wife of a poor man laboring at his profession, Mrs. GARFIELD early learned to practice the virtues that form good wives and mothers. Frugality, simplicity, and quiet study filled up her early life. She shared with her husband a love of books and knowledge; together they read, reflected, gathered facts, and studied to be of use. Their minds advanced equally, and sustained each other, and it would be well for all American women could they pursue a career not dissimilar. How often is the intellect deadened amidst the early influence of luxury, and the finer feelings lost in a fatal selfishness! In nothing is the future of American women so doubtful as in its intellectual aspect. Are they rising in intelligence? are they cultivating their moral and mental natures? In many cases, no doubt, they are: a happy training of the intellect and the affections prepares them to become faithful wives and useful mothers. But for some there is no such fortunate influence. They grow up without restraint, and can not teach what they have never learned. Happy had they been born upon a farm, trained in a public school, and had brought into early use their intellects and their hearts.

It is because she has been a faithful wife, studious, intelligent, refined by the love of knowledge, that in the moment of her sorrow all hearts have softened and sympathized with Mrs. GARFIELD as she watches at her husband's side. The scene is one that was seldom or never paralleled. The whole nation, almost the whole world, watch with her, enter the silent chamber, and share her grief. It is no idle curiosity, no transient interest, that leads our people to this eager sympathy; it is the impulse of a commonwealth, the feeling that as a family and nation we are one, our officials are parts of ourselves, and we share their joys and sorrows. Something of this feeling may prevail in monarchical countries where loyalty still lingers, but the barrier of caste shuts out the real depth of sympathy. It is only in a commonwealth, a republic, where all are equal, that every wife can feel almost as her own the anxious cares of Mrs. GARFIELD as she performs her sacred duty, and every patriot rejoice in the midst of his grief that in the painful light so suddenly thrown upon the President's family is witnessed the tender affection, the perfect unity, that should crown every American home. The aged mother, who watches from a distance the fate of her dutiful son, lends a tender interest to the scene. Her energy and intelligence have sustained him, it is said, in all his useful career. It is the American wife, the American mother, who stand before us.

"From scenes like these," sang BURNS, "old Scotia's grandeur springs;" and whether in a palace or a cottage, true love and unity are the sources of national prosperity. The educated intelligent woman is often the savior of the state. In a republic she is, of all, most useful. She forms the citizen, and guides the family. No doubt we are still living in the infancy of governments and politics. No doubt the imperfections of our social life will at last be amended; equality in knowledge, more general industry and thought, will soften much and alter much. We are far from being as wise as will be our descendants. But in no period of the future will the tender cares of the sick-room cease to win sympathy, or the influence of the intelligent wife and mother fail to deserve the popular esteem. The people offer their sympathy to Mrs. GARFIELD because she has shown those virtues which they most prize. They would lighten, if possible, her heavy cares, and breathe peace to the home of sorrow. They sympathize with every form of affliction, and would heal it. They respect the sacred duties of the family and home.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(*Continued.*)

FAST BIND, FAST FIND.

SOON the two sturdy men set forth, with the waning moon lifting an ivory shoulder, like that of Pelops, from the eastern bank of haze. They talked but little, for the way was rough, and the Captain's thoughts reverting to his own affairs; of which he said nothing to the parson, having done sufficient violence already to his habits by that long narrative to Mr. Tucker. Their course was a winding one, by reason of the ground and of dark water-beds with bogs among them, so that the pale streak of dawn began to show below the mounted moon by the time they reached the Tor. "Shall we knock up old Wisdom in his bed?" asked Mr. Short.

"You know best," his companion replied. "But I think it would only be waste of time. We can fetch him out when we come back, if we want a little change of bearers. You seem very certain that your man can not be gone. But I am never sure of anything."

"If he is gone, henceforth I will believe in witchcraft," the vicar answered, merrily, "even as my congregation do. Samson himself could not escape such withes."

"Nevertheless, we had better lose no time. 'Fast bind, fast find,' is an excellent proverb, with a play upon words, such as most of them have. It was a pity that you left that boy so near him."

However Mr. Short was as cock-sure as ever, and full of fine faith in his knowledge of knots. So they strode on vigorously down the pastured bottom.

"I could almost have vowed that this must be the spot," the parson exclaimed at last, with serious misgivings; "but places are so terribly misleading in the dark. It must have been round the next corner at the latest."

They turned the next corner, and there was no other, but a long straight reach of open valley; neither was there any living form in sight. With a grim look, and a little grinding of his teeth, Mr. Short led his friend back to the bend they had just quitted. "We must have passed him among these bushes. It is simply impossible that he should have moved. I defy him to have stirred ten yards," he said.

The Captain smiled provokingly, for he had some experience of the way in which captives do break loose. "Show me where he is. I will put down my hand-barrow; we can find it in a moment, if we find him."

"Of course we shall find him," replied the other; "no sane person can have a doubt about it. He may have rolled a little, as a shot rabbit does, but there is no hole for him to creep into. Either he has rolled into a clump of furze or into the bed of the brook. That's it. He has managed to get down to the brook to drink. How stupid of me to have overlooked that!"

With certainty renewed he went back to find him, and searched every tuft of rush and wet growth, but there was no sheep-stealer there.

"This is the spot where the combat was, and here is the mark where the poor sheep bled," Mr. Arthur called down to him, as the light grew clearer; "but neither sheep nor man remains. Is it your opinion that the sheep rolled too?"

Mr. Short laughed, and said: "You are too right. We are done; that is clear. I never thought about the sheep. If the mutton is gone, so the man must be. What a fool I was to ease him of his burden so! And he has had the impudence to walk off with it. What an atrocious scoundrel!"

"Well, I rather admire him for sticking to his purpose. A common rogue would have made off light-footed. Gone he is in spite of all your lashings. There can be little doubt that the boy released him."

"Little Joe Sage! He would never dare to do it. But what is this stuck upon the furze-bush here? 'Best respects to Rev$^{\text{d}}$. Mr. Short, and will return his visit some fine night.' Upon my word, it becomes too bad! I seem to be made only to be laughed at."

"Recover your spirits, my dear friend," said the Captain, with a lofty endeavor not to smile; "there are times when all of us have that feeling. But every right-minded person will look grave at hearing of your trials, and how well you bear them."

"Well, you don't look overgrave, to begin with," complained the poor parson; and then he burst out laughing, wherein Mr. Arthur joined with the freedom of true sympathy.

"It is all very fine for you to laugh," resumed the parson, as if he had not been the aggressor in that vein; "but it is high time to look things in the face. Sheep are a property unusually sacred in the eye of the law, because so usually stolen. An act of this kind is not to be passed over. When my goods were stolen it was *penes me*, to put up with it in silence, or to make a stir; but when I see another man's sheep made off with, I have no right to sit down and contemplate the process. I am bound to regard him with the utmost rigor of the law."

"You have done that already, and a great deal more than that. You made him fast to his own *corpus delicti*. But you loosed him, and he took his own *habeas corpus*."

"It is too true; there is nothing more stinging than amiability abused. However, it is not that that moves me, but the strict compulsion of a simple duty. I shall have to lay the whole of this matter before the nearest magistrate, Colonel Westcombe; not the nearest to Christowell, but the nearest to the place where this has happened. And I believe he has a kind of shooting lease of this very part where we now stand. So that it would be rude almost to apply to any other justice first."

"Certainly it would be. You are quite right." The Captain detected, or perhaps imagined, some particles of malice in the parson's words. "If it becomes a matter of business, I am ready to appear before Colonel Westcombe, or anybody else who may be the proper man. But we must not blame the boy until we know a little more about it."

"Boys are a bad lot," said Mr. Short, decisively; "they prefer what is nasty to nice things to talk of, and they would rather do mischief than be useful. But I will get it out of him. Let us be off. Old Sage used to be a good sort of fellow, enormously conceited; what I call a fool of wisdom. He knew a great deal better than Farmer William, the senior church-warden, when I spoke well, and everybody looked to him to nod his head before they durst rattle a stick in church. But since he has been at Okehampton so much he has heard some fellows who preach without a book, and it seems to have lowered his character. Let us go and rout him up at once. You had better leave your pot-barrow to be sent for."

"Not I," replied the Captain, with a good-tempered smile, for he saw that his valued friend was cross. "I am not going to have my invention stolen. The beauty of it is its portability. Best foot forward, and I am your man."

When they came to the hut, with the beauty of the morning resting on the crags above, they found old John, looking wiser than a thousand Sphinxes, in the forefront of the hill. "Ah, you gentlemen, gentlemen," he said, "you do looke crule tired surely! I cud 'a told 'e 'twar no good to go hunting jack-o'-lantern. Howsever, I never expects narrabody to harken to me nowadays."

"Fetch out your little rogue of a grandson," the vicar demanded, sternly.

"Passon, have a care what you be saying," Mr. Sage answered, as he shortened up his braces; "ne'er a one of our vam'ly hath had that name applied to him without haction good at law. The poor buy hath been fast aslape all night, in the cornder behind of me. Did you plaze to think he were your jack-o'-lantern?"

"This beats everything!" exclaimed the parson, while the Captain laughed till he was almost fit to cry, and old John with amazement regarded them both.

"'Twor natteral," he said, "to come of so much night-work. You good gentlefolks be pixie-ridden. What a many cases of it I have zeed! My own grandveyther had it dree times, becaas he were a bit weak-minded. But it comes off easy when you know the cure. Go you to the biggest stone in sight, and make the cross upon it, and then eat fried bakkon. Her shall be ready, gentlemen, by the time you be, if so be I can only get little Joe awake, to rout the vire up." Having washed at the spring, he went in-doors apace, for he wanted his breakfast also.

CHAPTER XXX.

QUO WARRANTO?

"THERE is nothing to be done," said Colonel Westcombe, when Mr. Short had told him the whole of his adventures. "It was your duty, as eye-witness of a felony, to lay an information about it. But after that, you see, we get no further. None of us can say what this man's name is. We have heard something vague about a warrant being issued, and a good reward offered for his apprehension. But who can apprehend him, when even you have failed? And if he were taken, he would soon get off. There is not a lock-up that would hold him in the county; and we could not send him off to London, if that is where he ought to be, without at least three examinations and remands—supposing that he would stay in custody so long, which could hardly be expected of him. But you must feel this, as you go home—which you shall not do till you have dined with us—that you have done your duty, and been wonderfully near the fulfillment of a public duty. Although, as I said, he would have got off afterward by the aid of Attorneys, or the Iron.mongers. I have had some experience of the Bench already; our intentions are good, but we do not see our meaning. Whenever he is caught (as he must be in the end), I hope that it may be beyond us altogether. I would not discourage you from laying hands on him; but if you can do it outside our division, it would be a much better thing for everybody."

"And that is your settled conclusion, is it? That because a man is hard to catch, we must not attempt to catch him! If your practice with the Frenchmen had been such, what a thorough thrashing you would have got!"

"Of course we should," the Colonel answered; "and thoroughly deserved it too. But there never will be such a set of men again. There are no such fellows in the commission of the peace."

"If you consider it the right thing to be beaten by a rogue, because you have none but fools to help you, there is nothing more for me to say, Colonel Westcombe."

"Now don't be so peppery, my dear friend," said the Colonel, offering an easy-chair. "If there is anything you can suggest, sit down and talk over it quietly. Everybody knows your abilities, Short. You must not imagine that because they have made me a 'beak,' as it is called, I set myself up to lay down the law to a clever man like you. I know nothing whatever of the law, any more than the rest of the J. P.'s do. We try to act according to the light of common-sense. And what more can you expect of us?"

"Certainly nothing beyond common-sense. We are glad that you should have it—possibly as a new gift of office. But is it common-sense that a neighborhood, however wild and thinly peopled it may be, should be harassed for months by a desperate fellow, simply because he is desperate? And that you, with your stern sense of discipline, my friend, should put up with it, and make excuses for it!"

"Well, I don't like it. And I may be doing more than you know of to try to put a stop to it. Whose sheep was it that was killed and stolen? He should come and sign a deposition."

"The sheep affair is nothing in comparison with the rest. Are we all to be sheep, and have our throats cut at the first convenience of that villain? How much longer till you do something?"

"That depends mainly upon circumstances," replied the Colonel, blandly; "drum-head law will not do here. There is some informality about the warrant, if what I was told the other day is true. The coroner issued his warrant first somewhere in Surrey, or in Bucks, perhaps it was. And after that the magistrates issued theirs, and both of them were wrong, they seem to say. However, that is not in any way my business, and I have heard a dozen stories as to what his name is. If I could have my own way, my plan would be to treat him as a brigand, hunt him down, and then hand him over to the civil authorities, with a double twist of tent rope round his moving members. But such things are not to be done in this age."

"I fear that we are tumbling all to pieces now," said Mr. Short, trying to be brisk about it. "I am not at all a stickler for the fine old times, but I do like a little bit of decency. When a man shows any sign of real wit, I can make overmuch allowance for him, for the chuckle in his brain upsets his sense. But look at this thing written here in pencil; there is no wit in it, only vulgar insolence."

"You could scarcely expect," replied the Colonel, examining the paper found upon the furze-bush, "that a man's jocosity should be at its best when he has been strapped up for some hours. But I call this very fair; not strikingly facetious perhaps, but civil and well worded. And it shows good-will to a limited extent. Come, come, we must not be too hard upon him. I never did believe that story about his murdering two women. Look! The man spells every word correctly—at any rate, so far as I can judge, and I have had some experience in that, though I left school very early. Do you mean to tell me, Short, that any man would murder two women who could spell like that, on the spur of the moment, and by a lantern?"

"A' maight, and yet again a' maightn't, as our Farmer William says." Mr. Short was not going to add to his troubles an argument on so abstruse a point. "I suppose he has let your grouse alone."

Colonel Westcombe was too good to suppose that his friend could mean by that last remark any paltry insinuation. "I don't know whether he has or not," was all he said about it.

"Well, now," continued the vicar, who ought to have been more ashamed than he actually was, "I want to know what you make out of those letters, or half-letters, here at the top of the paper. You see that this paper has been torn off, probably after being doubled down, from a sheet of something, perhaps a letter. The crease which has guided the severance was meant, most likely, to have come beneath the last line of the letter; but instead of that, it happens to have taken the last line pretty nearly along its belt, as one might say. We have the lower half of the words still here; in some places more, and in some parts less; for the writing is not to a nicety straight, though more so than happens in nine cases out of ten. Can you make out what these words have been?"

"Not I," replied the Colonel; "'tis as much as I can do to make out words when I get them in the lump. I could not read even print bisected. And, if this is a private communication, what right have we to exert our brains upon it?"

"Every possible right, against such a villain, to protect society from him. I have spared no labor to decipher that bisected line, and I am pretty sure that I have done so; although there are some words still uncertain. With the upper half it would have been much easier work; still I think that I have made the words out—'to remove her, at one day's notice. But beware of harming her.' And the signature, in the same line with it, was either Y. Y. or G. G. —What mischief is this fellow up to next?"

"Whatever it is, I shall be much obliged to him if he will do it on your side of the moor. Over in Bovey Tracy, and Moreton, and Newton, there are magistrates of long magisterial descent, who understand wicked ways, and the way to deal with them. But here there is nobody to give me the lead, or even to back me up if I should take it. And everybody wants me to put down everybody else, because I have been accustomed to fight the French. It is quite another pair of shoes, I can tell you."

"Of course it is, and they do not fit you; however, you will trudge on till they do. You have the right stuff for it, good-will, common-sense, activity, and the love of justice. You will be the best justice in the county after two or three years of experience, and the most popular, and the most respected one, because of your upright and generous nature."

"You ought to be more consistent, Short; you were running me down not two minutes ago."

"And so I will, when it is necessary; for I give every man his due, be it praise or blame. But without going into that, what does this line mean? I make something serious of it."

"If you can make head or tail of it, although it is all tail already, you ought to be chief constable of the county."

"A man who can't catch his own thief! However, by the light of imagination, I do make some tail of it. My interpretation is that these rogues mean to carry off Rose Arthur."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.

OUR illustration on page 588 shows the settlement of Fargo, on the west side of the Red River of the North, just at the head of steam navigation, as it appeared when our artist visited the spot a little more than a year ago. This river rises in Minnesota, runs for a short distance to the south and west, and then northward into Lake Winnipeg, Manitoba. It is very tortuous in its course, its length being about twice that of straight lines following its three principal directions. The current is sluggish, except at the "chutes," and the water, although not disagreeable to the taste, is very muddy, like that of the Mississippi. The spring freshets to which the river is subject vary in duration and height according to the strength and number of the ice gorges.

The village of Fargo stands on Dakota soil, and is now a flourishing place, with ample railroad communications with other parts of the country. The structure in the centre of the sketch is the GRANDIN farm grain elevator, the farm itself lying about forty miles to the northward. On the right is seen the unfinished hull of one of those singular-looking light-draft river steamboats used on the Western rivers for carrying freight. A land agent appears in the foreground, eagerly pointing out to a family of immigrants the beauties and advantages of some Eden of the wilderness, where they can settle, and "grow up with the country." On the left bank, in front of the cabin, lies a river scow, bottom up. Such craft are constructed in this position, and when completed are launched by being turned over until they strike the water.

Fargo now possesses several churches and school-houses, two or three newspapers, a post-office, and other public buildings, and its position with regard to navigation and lines of railroad assures its rapid growth.

PRESIDENTIAL "INABILITY."

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, *August* 12, 1881.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have received your request to give to the readers of your paper my understanding of the provisions of the Constitution relating to the "inability" of the President, and any views which I may entertain of the mode in which such a case can be met. The following is the only provision which deals directly with the succession to the office of Chief Executive Magistrate:

> "In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected."—*Art. II., Sec.* 1, *Clause* 5.

It will be seen that this provision presupposes that there is an existing President and an existing Vice-President, chosen as the Constitution prescribes, and that its object was to make a rule of succession which would operate to keep the office of President filled until a successor should be chosen and inducted into it in the mode which the Constitution requires. Three causes of actual vacancy—removal of the President from office, his death, and his resignation—and one other predicament—his inability to discharge the powers and duties of the office—are given as the occasions on which something is to occur. The removal of the President from office, or his death or resignation, each constitutes a vacancy which the Vice-President is entitled to fill by assuming the powers and duties of the office by force of the Constitution itself. It does not seem to be requisite that any other branch of the government should call upon the Vice-President to assume the office when the President has been removed, or has died, or has resigned. Two precedents have established it as customary when the President dies for the heads of the executive departments, collectively and commonly styled "the cabinet," to notify the Vice-President of the death. But this seems to be rather a matter of official courtesy, and it is clearly not legally requisite to the validity of the Vice-President's title as the constitutional successor. But on the occurrence of what the Constitution describes as the President's "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office," it may be otherwise; for either the Vice-President himself must determine that the condition of inability exists, or it must be determined by some other authority. The Constitution does not say how it shall be determined. It describes the condition as an inability to discharge the powers and duties of the office, and declares that when that condition exists, "the same"—that is, the powers and duties, or the office, and the one is the same thing as the other—"shall devolve on the Vice-President." But in the nature of things such a condition of a high officer, the Chief Executive Magistrate, that is to bring in a successor, must in some way be legally ascertained. As the Constitution does not say how it is to be ascertained, I shall further on inquire what is the practicable mode in which it can be ascertained under the powers that are vested in Congress; for I take it that no one will suppose that the Vice-President is the proper person to ascertain it. There might, indeed, be an extreme case of a sudden and total prostration of the President's mind and body, occurring when Congress was not in session, and when it could not be summoned in extra session, and some great emergency might require an immediate exercise of the Executive Power. Such an extreme case might make it the duty of the Vice-President to assume the Executive authority on his own responsibility. For how long, in such a case, the powers and duties of the office could be exercised by the Vice-President, whether the President should resume his functions when his "inability" had ceased, if it were to cease, and many other most delicate and difficult questions would arise and have to be met in the extreme case supposed. But what we have now to consider is what is the practicable mode of dealing with a case of "inability" of the President, existing when Congress is in session, or existing when the President may be able intelligently and consciously to sign his name to a proclamation calling Congress together, and yet be unable to discharge all the other powers and duties of the office, or be able to discharge but a very few of them.

In regard to the relations of Congress to this matter of the succession, it is to be observed that the clause of the Constitution above cited, in the case of an "inability" of the President alone, the Vice-President living, makes no provision for the interference or action of the legislative department. In the double case of the "inability" of both the President and the Vice-President, Congress is expressly empowered to designate the officer who shall act as President, because the framers of the Constitution thought it best to leave that designation to be determined by a law. But does it necessarily follow that Congress has no legislative duty or function to perform in providing a mode in which "inability" shall be ascertained because the Constitution has declared that the Vice-President shall be the successor of a President who is in a condition of "inability"? For a solution of this question we must look, first, at the nature of the condition of "inability" and its consequences, and secondly at the powers of Congress as the authority which is to make all laws necessary and proper to keep every part of the government in operation.

First. What is meant by "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office"? Removal from office, death, or resignation produces a total incapacity to discharge any and every official power or duty. Is the incapacity described by the term "inability" of the same nature? On the other hand, may there be a case of "inability," being a condition in which the incumbent of the office can intelligently and consciously perform one official act, and at the same time be unable to discharge all the other official powers and duties? It is obvious that the language of the Constitution must receive an interpretation derived from the nature and purposes of the Executive Power. The powers and duties of the President's office, denominated by the Constitution collectively the Executive Power, constitute a vast and separate governmental function, requiring the daily and perhaps hourly performance of official acts of various kinds. A cessation of the Executive Power, an annihilation of it, is in law an impossibility. A practical suspension of it is a possible occurrence, against which the Constitution has intended to guard. Such a practical suspension exists when the powers and duties of this department can no longer be executed by the President, although he is still living. In law the Executive Power is a unit, and it never dies or ceases, and it is vested wholly in one person; and therefore if the incumbent of the office, from physical or mental incapacity, can not discharge all its powers and duties, although he may be able to discharge and does discharge some of them, it seems to me that the case of "inability" exists. I do not fail to see that there are great hazards attending the determination of this question of inability, in whatever hands that determination may be supposed to be lodged. It involves the degree, the kind, and the duration of the practical suspension of the Executive Power; and faction, individual ambition, and mistaken ideas of what the public interests demand, may all unite to produce abuses of the power of determining the constitutional "inability" of a President. But the possible abuse of a power is never to be regarded as a proof that the power does not exist, unless it appears that the power has been withheld manifestly because it would have been capable of abuse if it had been granted. In the present case it seems to be quite plain that the Constitution could not be carried out according to its obvious intention if there did not exist somewhere in the government a power to determine when the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, and to determine every question involved, including the definition of "inability," under such light as the Constitution itself throws upon that term. If in making a precedent on this subject we can not put away the spirit of party, the aims of faction, the interests of personal ambition, we and our posterity must suffer the consequences. The Constitution assumes that the public virtue and the intellectual capacity of every generation will be equal to any demands which it makes upon them.

Second. There is a certain clause of the Constitution in which this power of determining the "inability" of the President is to be found, if it can be found anywhere. If it does not reside in that clause, it does not exist; for it is neither expressly nor impliedly granted in the clause above cited. The Constitution, after enumerating all the specific powers granted to Congress as subjects or objects of national legislation, proceeds at once to grant, by express provision, a measure of the legislative authority over the execution of those specific powers, and to do something more. This is the following clause in Art. I., Sec. 8:

> "And to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

I am aware, of course, of the many controversies concerning the true scope of this clause; and I am equally aware of the traditionary, and as it seems to me very proper, tendency of one of the great political parties to restrict, as I am sensible of the tendency of the other party to enlarge, its meaning. Individually I should be the last person to press its interpretation beyond just and safe limits. But it is to be observed that in *this* question there is no matter of State rights or of private rights that can possibly intervene to disturb us. The States, as self-governing political communities, can have no legislative power of their own to guard and protect in this matter. Private individuals have no concern in it, excepting that the government of the United States shall not fall into anarchy. We are therefore relieved, in the interpretation of this clause, in the supposed case of a practical cessation of the Executive functions, from one great source of embarrassment arising out of the division line between the powers of Congress and the legislative powers of the separate States. In my opinion, the clause last above cited comprehends not only an authority to pass all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the enumerated and specific legislative powers, but also an authority to pass all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers vested by the Constitution in the whole government, or in any one of its departments, or in any one of its officers. When the powers of any department can not be executed, a case for legislation has arisen; and when such a case has arisen from the "inability," physical or mental, of the officer, the terms "necessary and proper" may have a less restricted scope than when the question is one between the legislative powers of Congress and the legislative powers of the States.

If this is a sound interpretation of the clause when applied to a practical cessation of the Executive function—a break in the execution of the Executive Power—what is to be done? The government must not be allowed to fall into anarchy if, without usurpation, such a disaster can be prevented. Now, in order to follow out the inquiry, I must make suppositions. Suppose that the President should be barely able to put his signature to a proclamation calling an extra session of Congress. His doing this one official act would not be inconsistent with an "inability" to discharge the other duties of his office. "Ability" to discharge the duties, which is the converse of "inability," means, as I presume, a capacity to discharge the whole of them; and the President might intelligently and lawfully summon an extra session of Congress, and still be in a condition, when it had met, not to do another Executive act, and still be living. When Congress had assembled, whether in a special or a regular session, a legislative act, a law, would be requisite to provide for the legal ascertainment of the President's "inability." He might be able to sign the bill, and this again would not be inconsistent with his inability to discharge the duties and powers of his office. Or he might return it with his objections, in which case it would be for two-thirds of both Houses to pass it again, or to drop it. Or it might not be returned by him for ten days, in which case it would become a law without his signature, if the adjournment of Congress did not prevent its return. As the Constitution has named one exception to the effect of detaining a bill more than ten days which is to prevent its becoming a law when the President's signature is wanting, the presumption is that all other causes which may have prevented a return of the bill are excluded, and it would become a law even if he were unable to intelligently return it or consciously to direct its return. Supposing that the bill had become a law, either by the President's signature or in either of the other constitutional modes, and that under it the President's "inability" had been ascertained and declared in the mode provided in the law, the Vice-President would succeed to the office.

I beg that I may not be understood as recommending or advocating any particular step. It would be presumptuous in any private or unofficial person to do so. I have only answered your question as to what the legal aspects of the case are, according to my best lights; and what I have written has been written with a painful sense of the extreme delicacy, difficulty, and gravity of the question that is casting its shadow from the sick-room where a very heroic sufferer now lies. Your obedient servant,

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

MELROSE ABBEY.*

To the stranger who walks from the little triangular village of Melrose by the road from its eastern end, and crosses the stile into the inclosure which contains the ruins of the abbey, the first impression is that of disappointment. He comes to it with his imagination still under the spell of "the Wizard of the North," and feels a shock at not finding the shrine to which he is making a pilgrimage all that his fancy had painted it. It is, in truth, not a large building, and its perfect proportions and the elegance of its structure tend to make it look smaller than it really is. But, like every other beautiful work of art, the abbey grows on the spectator at each renewed visit, and he will bid adieu to it with the conviction that he has seen nowhere a more graceful or picturesque ruin.

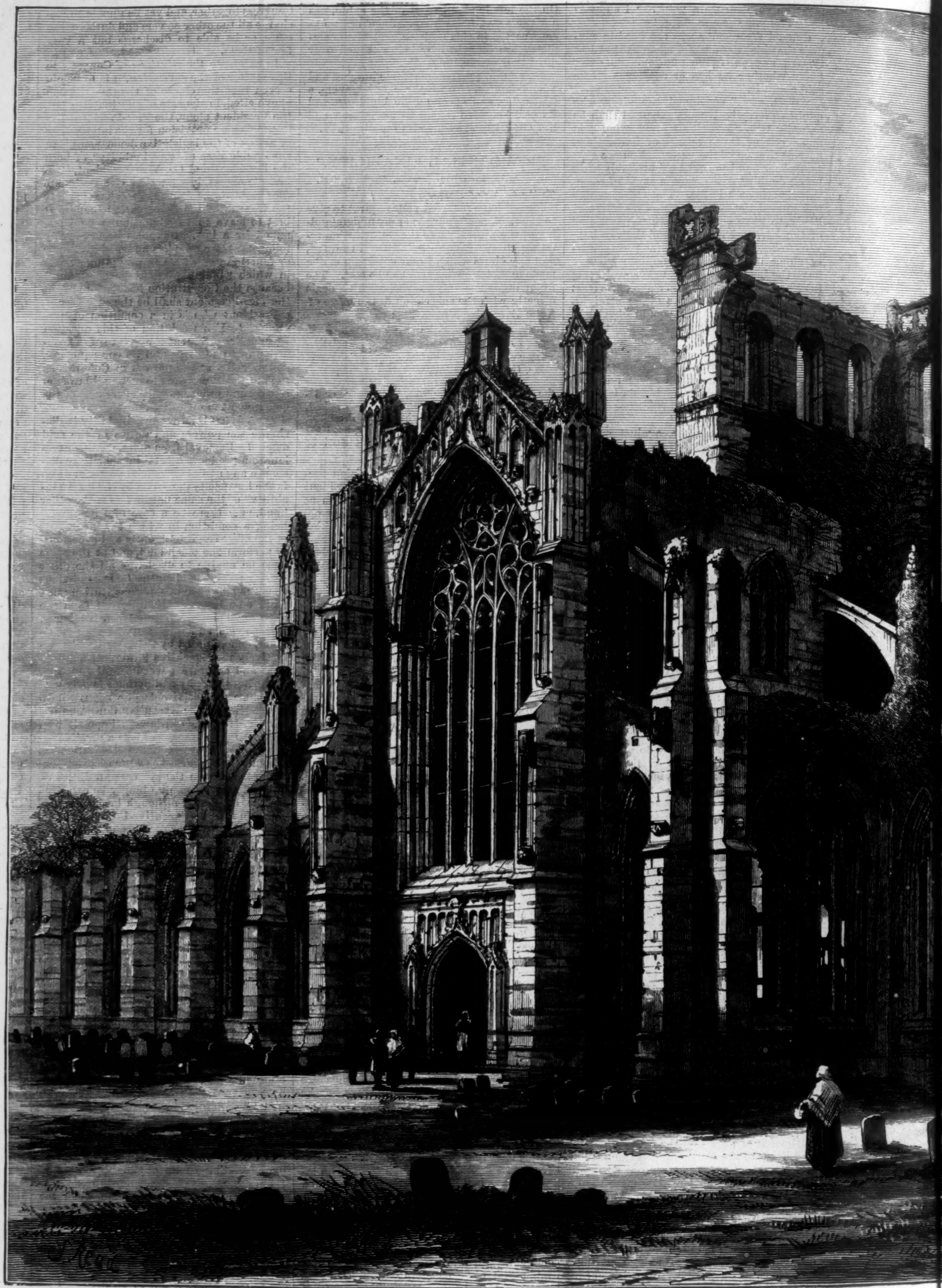
The Cistercian Abbey of St. MARY of Melrose stands in a lovely amphitheatre, a broad valley of meadow and forest, with the Tweed winding past, and the triple-topped Eildon Hills raising their graceful forms to the sky. The view which we give in our present number is taken from a point in a line drawn through the intersection of the choir and south transept. It exhibits not only the great east window, which SCOTT absurdly calls an "oriel," but the very beautiful window and the remarkable door of the transept. Seen from this point, with its central tower standing out against the sky, the building has a lightness and a delicate symmetry peculiar to itself. "The fane," it has been truly said, "looks such as aerial beings might be supposed to create with the most delicate and ductile of materials." If the stranger comes to Melrose after a tour among the cathedrals of England, he can not fail to notice a difference of style. In fact, the ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland, as a rule, are of the Continental, not the English, school.

The Cathedral of Glasgow, of which we published a view in our number for March 26, 1881, will be seen at the first glance to be utterly unlike in conception to any cathedral south of the Tweed. The chapel of Roslin has no counterpart in the southern kingdom. It is not the greater or less size, or the amount of decoration, which constitutes the difference between English and Scotch churches, but a divergence of tone and feeling betraying clearly that they emanated from artists imbued with widely different ideas. Hence Melrose is incapable of being classed in any of the so-called styles of English Gothic. The east window, in which

> "some fairy's hand
> 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
> In many a freakish knot had twined,"

shows, like the transept door, a tendency toward the "Perpendicular" style; but the transept window and the rest of the details have a flamboyant feeling which is never seen in the remains of contemporary English work. In some respects Melrose has affinities to the majestic minster of Strasburg. In both, the masses are disguised by light open-work decorations, which fall over them like lace-work wrought in stone. Down to the very last the superintendence of the fabric was assigned to Scotchmen who had been born in France, or who had been reared in the French school of architecture. A curious inscription is found near one of the pillars, scrawled by a master-mason:

> "John Murdo sometime called was I,
> And born in Parysse certainly;
> And had in keeping all mason-work
> Of Sant Androys, y^e hye Kirk
> Of Glasgu, *Melros*, and Pasly,
> Of Arddisdall and of Galway.
> Pray to God and MARY baith,
> And sweet Saint JOHN to keep this holy
> Kirk from scaith."



MELROSE ABBEY, SC

Melrose (*Mael-Rhos*), "the meadow promontory," could boast of a very early ecclesiastical establishment. At Old Melrose—a decayed hamlet, two miles lower down the river—was a house founded by the old Culdee missionaries, who carried the Gospel to the still pagan Caledonians. In the time of King OSWALD of Northumbria it was ruled by GATA, a brother of the celebrated AIDAN, and is described by BEDE the Venerable as a nursery of scholars. But, like the other Culdee establishments, Old Melrose declined before the organized power of the Church of Rome, and became a mere cell to the Abbey of Coldingham. New Melrose owes its erection in 1136 to the pious zeal of King DAVID I., that great builder of churches and monasteries. Situated close to the borders between England and Scotland, this home of peace was constantly exposed to the horrors of war. EDWARD I., indeed, gave it letters of protection, and received the allegiance of the abbot, but EDWARD II. found the monks, like the rest of Scotland, in a bellicose mood. The abbot of Melrose sent to the aid of "the good Sir JAMES, the black DOUGLAS," a band of men under the command of "a richt sturdy friar, that was stout, derft, and hardy." This son of the Church was a good soldier, and, according to the chronicler BARBOUR,

> "Upon a stalwart horse he rad,
> And in his hand he had a sper,
> And when the foremost passed wer
> The coynge, he cryit, 'DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS!'
> And DOUGLAS and his company
> Ischyt upon them with a shout."

But this gallant feat of arms, however honorable to the patriotism of the community, was disastrous to their house. The English sacked the abbey, slew the monks, and carried off the great silver pyx from the high altar. Two years afterward, King ROB-

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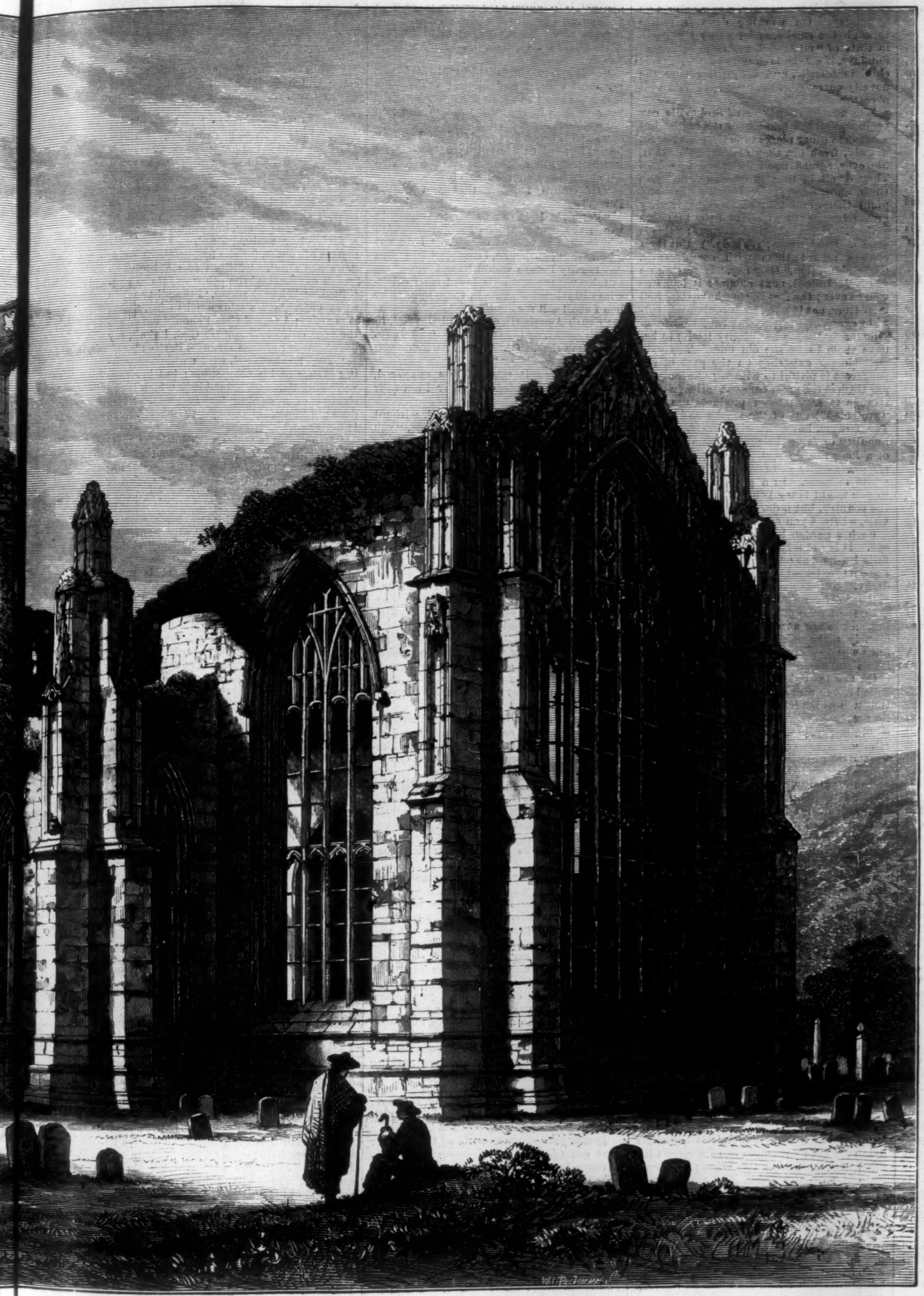
* Melrose Abbey is the seventeenth in the series of ecclesiastical buildings of which pictures have appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY. For the benefit of those who may wish to have a complete set of these engravings, we would state that a picture of Dryburgh Abbey, belonging to the same series, will appear in HARPER'S BAZAR for September 10.



EY, SCOTLAND.

RT **BRUCE** commenced to rebuild it, and added large possessions to its already extensive endowments. King **EDWARD** III. spared the buildings during his war, and in 1341 kept his Christmas within its walls. But in 1385 it was again destroyed. King RICHARD II. passed a night there, and next morning, in mere wantonness of destruction, the departing soldiers set the place on fire.

The present building is not older than the fifteenth century. Of the abbey buildings nothing remains. The church consists of a nave and choir 258 feet long by 79 feet wide, and transepts 130 feet by 44. At the intersection of the cross rises the central tower. In the numerous invasions which **HENRY** VIII. directed against the kingdom of his brother-in-law the buildings suffered considerable damage, especially at the hands of Sir **RALPH EVERS** just before his defeat and death at the battle of Ancram Muir. The abbey seems not to have been completed when the Reformation took place. It may be doubted whether hostile force or iconoclastic zeal has done most injury to the fabric. To the latter we may assign the destruction of the statues which once filled every niche. Queen **MARY** granted the abbey and its estates to her husband, the Earl of Bothwell, from whom it passed to the Commendator **JAMES DOUGLAS**, who used the stones to build his castle in the neighborhood. Many of the houses of the present village have been constructed from like materials.

In later times the monks of Melrose had acquired a reputation for luxury. The satirists of the Reformation period do not spare allusions to their laziness, gluttony, and wealth. The latter was undoubtedly great. Sir **WALTER SCOTT** estimated that if all the sources of the abbey's revenues were in skillful hands, its income would be now not under £100,000 per annum. The abbot had a house in Edinburgh, where he resided during the sessions of Parliament. The sixty brethren had each a princely allowance, and doubtless were like the fellows of All-Souls, Oxford, or the "noble chapters" of Germany, *bene nati, bene vestiti, et mediocrites docti.* At all events, the long series of abbots contains only one celebrated name, that of its second abbot, but real founder, **WALTHEOF**. This churchman was the step-son of King **DAVID** I., and descended through his mother from **SIWARD**, the great Earl of Northumberland, who is one of the *dramatis personæ* in *Macbeth.* He had been abbot of Rievaulx in Yorkshire, and would have been Archbishop of York had not King **STEPHEN** opposed the plan of giving the primacy of the North to one so closely connected with the most troublesome of his feudatories. **WALTHEOF** hid his disappointed ambition in Melrose, and died in the odor of sanctity. This odor his body was said to retain for centuries, and it was repeatedly disinterred to edify the faithful, till one of his successors, in a fit of jealousy or good sense, forbade the ceremony. **WALTHEOF** was, however, canonized, and figures in **BUTLER**'s *Lives of the Saints* as St. **WALTHEOF**. The tomb of **ALEXANDER** II. was also at Melrose, near the high altar. There, too, as readers of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" well remember, was the tomb of the wizard **MICHAEL SCOTT**,

> "Whose words cleft Eildon Hills in three,
> And bridled the Tweed with a curb of
> stone."

A slab marked with a plain cross is pointed out, without the slightest authority, as marking the resting-place of the wizard and his mighty book. One of the corbels of the arches represents a face of an Oriental type, which, according to the guides, is a likeness of **MICHAEL**, with

> "his high majestic look,
> At which the fellest fiends had shook."

But Melrose's greatest treasure was the heart of good King **ROBERT**. When he lay a-dying, he ordered it to be borne by Lord **JAMES DOUGLAS** to the Holy Land, and there interred. The **DOUGLAS** and his train set out, carrying the heart in a silver casket. He thought it, however, not inconsistent with his duty to join the Castilians in their crusade against the Moors. When the battle seemed to be going against the Christians, he flung the silver casket far into the ranks of the infidels, crying, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and **DOUGLAS** will follow thee, or die." He was found after the battle, dead, with his body lying above the silver case. His companions went no further, but returned to Scotland, and deposited their precious charge within the walls which King **ROBERT**'s munificence had reared. Near it lay the bodies of the **DOUGLAS** who fell at Otterburn, and other chiefs of the great house which bears on its escutcheon the bleeding heart crowned with gold.

But neither the heart of **BRUCE**, the bones of **MICHAEL SCOTT**, nor the miracles of St. **WALTHEOF** have given Melrose its fame throughout the world. There have been many monastic communities possessed of greater wealth and power, there are many which surpass it as to grandeur and magnitude of their edifices, many which can boast the names of greater saints, greater churchmen, and greater statesmen on the roll of their members, but "St. **DAVID**'s ruined pile," though it did not produce a ruler like **BETHUNE** or a scholar like **GAVIN DOUGLAS**, has a celebrity not accorded to other more stately and splendid foundations. By good luck Melrose found in **SCOTT** what Agamemnon found in **HOMER**—a *vates sacer* to give it immortality. The lines in which we read of the gray abbey lying so sad and fair as the pale moonlight streams over the ruined central tower,

> "And buttress and buttress alternately
> Seemed framed of ebon and ivory,"

are the words which give to most readers who speak the English tongue their first impressions of the loveliness and majesty which are found in the remains of mediæval architecture. But if SCOTT has thrown over Melrose a halo of romance, he in no wise exaggerates in his description of the fabric the delicate tracery, the exquisite carvings, so varied, so true to nature.

> "No herb nor floweret glistened there
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair."

The corbels, "grotesque and grim," the pillars, "lofty, light, and small," which,

> "with clustered shape so trim,
> With base and with capital flourished around,
> Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound,'

all are there. And so thorough is the workmanship which the old artists and artisans put into their work that high up where no eye can see it the finish of the carvings is as perfect as where they are on the level of the spectator. The stems of the sculptured foliage stand out so clear from the shaft of the pillars that a straw can be passed behind and around them.

SCOTT knew and loved every stone in the old abbey. It is visible from several points in the grounds of Abbotsford, and he was never so charming as when leading his guests to the inspection of its beauties. For some time the church was converted into a parish church. At present a hideous kirk stands near the village, and the old ruin is left to its solitary decay, and the shadowy figures which the poet has made to haunt it.

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF,"
"WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED,"
"WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

COUSINS.

THE place is Stokeville, and the time—which is a bad one for the place—is autumn. Even in summer, when Stokeville looks its best, it does not look well. Its long, unlovely streets are for the most part too narrow to admit the full face of the sun. A mill, which looks like a prison, forms one side of them, and another mill forms the other side, and in both these prison-like edifices—except when trade is slack or there is a strike—hard labor is incessant. Though there is no brightness anywhere—the thing which ladies put up their parasols and pull down their window-blinds to avoid, and with a contraction of their dainty foreheads call "glare"—there is everywhere oppression. There is air, indeed, but it is not from heaven. Quite the reverse. It is the hot breath of the factory, which pours out from the open windows on all sides, accompanied by an infernal clangor—the shrieks of engines apparently in torment.

Above Stokeville hangs, as above the Israelites on their march, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire (from the furnaces of its iron-works) by night. Cotton and iron are the flesh and bone of Stokeville, and its life-blood is commercial prosperity. Everything to the outward eye is of man's making or unmaking. Nature has been expelled, not "with a pitchfork," indeed, but by fire and smoke. The unoccupied spaces which in other towns would be pleasure-grounds, oases of verdure in the desert of brick and mortar, are here mere waste places, of which the gardener can make nothing, and which have been given up to the cinder-sifters. In Stokeville the art of cinder-sifting has been carried to perfection; and where no cinders can be distributed, on account of elevation or other obstacles, there are smuts. To wash, except on Sunday, is useless; and, as a substitute perhaps, a large part of the population anoint themselves, or are anointed, with oil. It is said that they are born white—just as it is averred by some that men are born equal—but the impression of the beholder is to the contrary: at all events, from a very early period, when the juvenile inhabitants begin to disport themselves in the recreation grounds aforesaid, they assume the "local color." Attempts have even been made by persons of a widely different complexion (not to say "whited sepulchres") to paint them black inside as well as out, but just as when you scratch the Russian you find a Tartar, so when you get below the surface, which is not promising, of the good folks of Stokeville, you come upon that best of soils (though unknown to geologists), True Grit.

Indeed, in these "cinder heaps," as Stokeville and its congeners have been contemptuously termed, are found certain treasures, such as Honesty and Independence, which have been very foolishly thrown away elsewhere as having no market value.

In Stokeville huge fortunes are made (and lost) by the few, and high wages received by the many; vile indeed must be the soul of that man who, knowing the place they are earned in and the work that wins them, would grudge them.

In winter only is anything quite clean seen out-of-doors, namely, a snow-storm on a Sunday. On working days it passes through the smoke, and reaches the earth in tints of "mitigated mourning"; but on Sundays, if a flake is caught by a Stokeville child *in transitu*, and before it settles, the novelty entrances him. "Why, here's a bit o' cotton frozen!"

The merchant princes of Stokeville can command all the luxuries of the earth; but what is in other places thought a necessary, namely, fresh air, they can *not* get. It is, however, agreed upon to ignore this fact. They dwell in palaces of ebony, and call them alabaster. They import trees and plant them, and talk of them as if they grew; the leaves wither and the branches shrivel. ("Air, air," they murmur; "this is smoke. Bah! worse; it's soda.") But their owners regard them with complacency. "Our plantation," they say, "is getting on nicely." Indeed, next summer it looks as well as ever; the fact is, they have imported more trees, but it is the local courtesy adopted by every well-bred visitor (and the Stokeville magnates are hospitality itself) to believe them to be the old ones. The vain struggle for existence on the part of the poor trees is pitiful to witness; one longs to put them in the great conservatories (where, strange to say, foreign products are here "protected") out of the smoke and smuts. The flowers, however, whether from their humility or from their making no pretense of a long life, do pretty well, and likewise the grass—only you must not sit upon it in white trousers. In a garden well walled in you might fancy yourself, I won't say in the country, but a dozen miles from Stokeville, whereas you are perhaps only three.

Such a garden I have now in my mind's eye. It is not a large one, but it is beautifully kept, or, as one might almost put it in respect to external influences, preserved from decay. For, as we have said, autumn is a bad season for Stokeville. The summer is over, the leaves of the alien trees begin to fall, and in the absence of the sun the fogs already make their appearance, as shady folks will do when undeterred by the policeman's bull's-eye.

On the lawn, however, at Oak Villa (so called from quite a patriarchal specimen of that tree which had braved smoke and soda for nearly six years) not a dead leaf was to be seen. The grass was green and smooth; the trim parterres were aglow with flowers. Mr. Lyster, the proprietor of Oak Villa, had many things therein to boast of—graceful statues, charming pictures, and furniture as elegant as it was costly; but he was only proud of his garden. Sir Peter Fibbert (of Fibbert & Lyster) had a bigger one, just as he had higher statues, larger pictures, and more massive furniture; but in beauty it yielded the palm to the garden of his junior partner. As Sir Peter said, with his somewhat pompous courtesy, "No gardener could have brought the place to such a pitch of perfection; it was only the exquisite taste and solicitude of Miss Clare, the Eve of this miniature Eden, which kept matters in such a—such a"—here the language of compliment failed the worthy knight, and had to be supplemented by that of commercial life—"such an A 1 condition."

Clare was in the garden now, pacing the gravel-walk with her cousin Herbert, a young man of three-and-twenty, and two years her senior: a remarkable girl to look at, and well worthy of attention. At the first glance at her close-cut hair and resolute, handsome face, you might say, "How masculine!" The voice, too, though gentle, has just now a certain decision unusual in one of her sex and age, which increases this impression. But in reality it is the short hair only (the consequence of a recent illness) which produces this effect; you associate it with the genus Boy, and the rest follows. The effect, to men at least, was very pleasing; perhaps she reminded them of Shakspeare's Rosalind. Her eyes of that patient gray which one somehow associates with cheerful endurance; her hair a glossy brown. Not very promising materials for beauty, one would say, yet the cunning hand of nature (which lays its blues and greens together as artists dare not, and paints the rainbow without gaudiness) had so combined them in her as to witch all (male) beholders.

Herbert Newton, as he moves now before us with firm step and hands behind him—an attitude with him indicative of thought—is not, one would say, an individual easily subject to enchantment. For so young a man, he has a grave and earnest air (albeit the blue eyes which are now so steadfast are wont to twinkle with humor, and the brown face that is now so serious, to ripple over with smiles), and yet, if you watch him closely, you will perceive he is under the spell.

His eyes never leave his companion, who for the most part averts her gaze from him, though ever and anon, when her speech is more earnest than usual, it meets his own, resolute enough; his voice, though calm and distinct, is freighted with feeling, if not with passion, and his lips are pale.

"Then you have nothing more to say, Clare?" said he presently, after a little pause.

"Nothing, cousin, except to express to you my most earnest and kindest wishes"—it was plain she was picking her words—"for your success in the new walk of life you have chosen for yourself."

"Partly chosen for myself, Clare, I allow," he put in, gently; "but also partly— That is, there are other circumstances which have led me to leave your father's firm."

"Of course I know that you dislike Percy."

"Percy!" It is impossible to convey in words the contemptuous indifference with which that word was echoed. "I do not admire that gentleman, I confess, Clare; but not twenty Percys would have induced me to take my present step had I been otherwise disinclined for it. In three months or less I shall sail for South America."

"South America!" exclaimed the girl, in astonishment, and even alarm. "You never told me that. Oh, Herbert! why do you go so far away?"

"What does it matter?" he answered, bitterly. "Who cares whether I am near or far?"

"But I thought," she answered, without taking notice of this last outburst, "you were going to Coalborough to the railway works."

"I remain there till the end of the year only, when I am promised an appointment at Rio."

"What appointment?"

"I scarcely know. Acting-assistant-deputy-engineer to some railway one has never heard of. I shall do there as well as anywhere, they tell me, however, and that's quite true."

"But with your talents—nay, genius," she pleaded, still ignoring his bitter tone, "it is throwing yourself away, Herbert. Papa can surely find you something better nearer home."

"Home? To me one home is as good as another; that is, all places have become equally indifferent to me."

"You pain me very much with your wild words," she murmured.

"Forgive me. I did not know I had the power to pain you, or I would not have done it. It is curious," he went on, as if to himself, "stone and steel will melt, iron can be moulded to our will like clay; but a woman's heart, once bent on her own destruction, nothing can turn it."

"That is ungenerous and unlike yourself, Herbert," she answered, calmly. "Do not abuse the absent even by implication. A woman's heart is not to be turned that way."

"True; I was wrong there," he answered, cynically. "It was an error in judgment."

"It was worse than that, Herbert," she continued, gravely. "You are by nature a just man; it is unreasonable, unjust, and tyrannous to be angry with me because—because I make my own choice."

He threw his hand out with an impatient gesture. "No, Clare, you do me wrong. I am not angry with you. But you talked just now of throwing one's self away."

"I will talk no more of it—no, nor listen to it," she interrupted, with a quick flush. "Come, cousin, we used to be good friends."

"We did—we are," he answered, taking her proffered hand, pressing it gently. "I will never so offend again. Until you say with your own lips, 'I was wrong, Herbert; you knew that man better than I did,' I will never say another word against him."

It was very characteristic of the speaker that out of mere steadfastness and perseverance he thus involuntarily repeated his offense even while begging pardon. Clare, however, understood him thoroughly. "I can trust your word, I know, Herbert," said she, simply. Then, dropping her voice, not from fear of being overheard, though all the sitting-room windows of the house were open, making it look one ear, and with her eyes grown very soft and pitiful, "How do you think dear papa is looking to-day?"

"He looked to me much the same, Clare; I wish I could see him better. He spoke less despondently of himself, however; indeed, much less."

"You noticed that, did you?" she answered, quickly. "Yes, it is very curious that while to all appearance dear papa grows no better, he has of late taken more cheerful views of himself."

"Let us hope he feels himself better."

She shook her head. "You know what Dr. Dickson said about him. It was in fact a sentence of death." The tears began to stream slowly down her cheeks, but she wiped them away hurriedly. It was not her way to exhibit strong emotion before others.

"Doctors are very fallible," observed her companion, gently.

"But dear papa has wasted so. Did it strike you, Herbert," she continued, after a long pause, "that despite his cheerfulness he seems anxious, worried?—I don't mean about his health."

He shook his head.

"Well, he is so. You are sure there is no cause which would affect a man like dear papa? Are things going prosperously at the mills?"

"Never better. There has been a long depression, but trade has revived. Fibbert & Lyster are having golden days. No one," he added, with a pleasant smile, "can say I am the rat that leaves the sinking ship."

"If she were sinking, you would stay by her to the last plank," said Clare, not as though she were making a compliment or pronouncing a eulogy, but as one who states a fact. Her reply, indeed, was almost a matter of course, for she had something else upon her mind. "Milly was singing 'The Queen of the May' the other day," she continued. "When she sung, 'I thought to pass away before,' papa whispered to me, 'That is my case; I feared that I should never see the year out. Now, please God, I shall, my dear.' Was not that strange, Bertie?"

"Yes," he answered, with a quick, searching glance at his companion; but her face wore only that sad, pained look which is the shadow of a coming bereavement. "She does not know," he thought to himself. "It is better so."

"If nothing is amiss with business matters," continued Clare, "as I had almost wished was the case, it must be something worse. Do you think"—here she sank her voice almost to a whisper—"that papa frets about Gerald?"

"No, I do not. He does not know enough about Gerald's affairs to fret about them."

"That is a bad reason indeed," sighed Clare.

"And I don't think his heart is much bound up with Gerald."

Clare sighed more deeply still, as though she would have said, "That is a sadder reason even than the other."

"For my part, I can not blame your father," continued Herbert, replying to her unspoken thought. "Having done his best for the lad, he hopes for the best, though perhaps he does not expect it."

"But poor Gerald has been left to himself a great deal."

"My dear Clare, in Stokeville we are all left to ourselves pretty early. To my mind there is no worse cant than that which throws the blame which we ourselves deserve upon the shoulders of our parents and guardians. Education is another scapegoat. As a matter of fact, beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, a man educates himself; you can not dose him with learning as you stuff chickens, for it is against the grain; he remains forever an ignoramus."

"I have heard you say, too, you think there is nothing in heredity."

"Not I. It is a mere excuse for vice and idleness. That is"—here he began to hesitate and stammer—"I am speaking generally, of course. There may be cases—there are—where the circumstances and surroundings of a man, his natural connections, and so on, handicap him very heavily."

"Yes, I feel that," interrupted Clare, quietly. "There are great excuses for poor Gerald, though I own he has grievous faults. That is another reason—you will say a selfish one—why I regret you are leaving your present employment. My brother will now lose his best adviser."

"Your half-brother," observed her companion, in quiet correction.

"Herbert, why do you say that?" she inquired, with a quick flush. "Of course he is only my half-brother; but is there any reason, beyond those with which I am acquainted, why—why, I have cause to be ashamed of him."

Her companion was silent for a little, then answered, slowly, "No; no particular reason."

"That means you have a general distrust of him. Well, you and Gerald, it must be remembered," she said, with an air of reflection, "are of widely different temperaments and dispositions."

"Yes, he has doubtless temptations where I feel none. Moreover, if I were to be quite frank and honest, I should, I think, acknowledge to myself I am prone to exaggerate his short-comings."

"Why on earth should you be so uncharitable?"

He thought a moment what he should say. He could not tell her his real reason, which was, in brief, that he so honored and revered her that he resented the relationship to herself of one who was unworthy of her.

"I suppose," he said, with a smile, "it is for the reason given in Hudibras; our temptations, as I have said, are different, and one 'compounds for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to,' and the sinner also. However, as to Gerald's having an adviser in myself, Clare, you are mistaken. I have no influence over him."

"Then I am afraid no one has," sighed Clare.

"Yes, one person has, the more's the pity."

Fortunately Clare did not hear him; her eyes within the last few seconds had taken a brighter tint, her face a warmer flush; it was plain that her thoughts had suddenly become attracted elsewhere.

"Look; papa is coming out in his wheeled chair, Herbert."

"Yes," said the other, quietly, "and Percy is with him."

"Why, how did you guess that, since you have not turned your head?"

"I did not guess it; I read it in your face as in a looking-glass. As I have already seen my uncle, I will now take my leave. Good-day, cousin."

She returned his "good-day," and shook his hand, as he passed quickly out through the garden gate; but he felt she was not thinking of what she did. It was the same sort of perfunctory attention which, when we are identifying our luggage on the railway platform, we pay to a friend who passes by; we throw him a "How d'ye do?" but our soul is with our portmanteau.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PLEASANT CHARITY.

ONE of the most beautiful and praiseworthy features of Christian civilization is the care bestowed upon sick and helpless children. In heathen countries they are neglected and harshly treated, as if they had no right to live, a burden upon others for support. There may be cases of individual cruelty even in Christian lands, and those who are intrusted with the care of sick and crippled children may sometimes prove to be unworthy of their sacred charge; but the hot outbreak of public indignation whenever the villainy and hypocrisy of such unworthy shepherds are brought to light, shows how deeply the divine precepts of charity and love toward the little ones have sunk into the hearts of Christian nations. Nothing moves the heart more quickly than a story of childish pain and sorrow. The popularity of Little Nell, Tiny Tim, Little Eva, and a host of other little heroes and heroines of fiction, attests the warmth and strength of this unselfish sympathy.

A very pleasant manifestation of this phase of humanity may be seen every fine Thursday in front of Mr HILLIER's Surf House, on Rockaway Beach, where the little patients of the Society for the Ruptured and Crippled are taken by their attendants and nurses for a day's holiday in the sand and surf. As may be seen by our artist's sketches on page 580, the little ones disport themselves with the utmost freedom on the beach. The proprietor of the house has put up a tent and an arbor of cedar-trees for their special benefit, and he and his assistants and waiters are unremitting in their care of the little people. Those who can not walk are carried down to the surf, and helped to bathe in the cool and refreshing waves.

At the proper hour the children are served in a pavilion adjoining the Surf House with a plentiful supply of chowder, bread and butter, and milk. After this they take another walk or roll on the beach, make sand pies, build dikes, houses, and castles for the tide to wash away; and when the hour for departure comes, every child feels that one day in the week at least has been as jolly as could be, and goes back to the city to live over the holiday in dream-land, where the genial host and his kind assistants, who waited on them with such ready sympathy, doubtless appear as benevolent genii, with abundance of good cheer in their hands.

JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

PENZANCE and John o' Groat's House are the Dan and Beersheba of Great Britain. Both are situated on rocky headlands, but the northern extremity of the island has a sternness and wildness unknown to the "thundering shores of Bude and Bos." The north and northeast coast of Scotland, lashed by the waves of the German Sea, presents magnificent views of water-worn precipices, cleft with deep fissures, hollowed out into gloomy caves, and scarred with the tempests of centuries. But wild as is the coast of Buchan, with its towering cliffs and rocks piled up in gigantic masses, the coast that faces the Pentland Firth is still more rugged and more awful. In that narrow strait which separates the mainland from the Orkneys the tides of the western and eastern seas meet in savage conflict. Even in the finest weather the billows rise to a monstrous height, while in storms the collision of the opposing currents produces an eddying mass of tumultuous waters. Rushing impetuously through the narrow channel, the sea has washed away whatever could be washed away, leaving bold headlands seamed with deep ghoes and chasms, and studded with detached pinnacles of rock. The view from Duncansby Head commands the whole of the Pentland Firth, the Orkney Islands in front, and rearward the Moray Firth and the hills of Banff and Aberdeen. The Head is of a circular shape, about a mile in circumference. Toward the sea it is one continued precipice. Near the top of the rock is a vast chasm or cavern, called the Gloop, stretching down sheer till it reaches the level of the sea, with which it communicates by an opening at the base of the rock. The bridge between the edge of this fearful gulf and the main rock is about six yards wide. The Stacks of Duncansby, the largest of which is given in our illustration, are two pyramidal pillars of naked freestone rock, haunted by innumerable flocks of sea-fowl. They rear their fantastic summits into the air, and seem like Gothic spires of some huge submerged cathedral. Westward from the Head a pleasant walk takes the visitor to John o' Groat's House. The strip of coast-land here is fertile, and the shore is of the purest white, being composed of shell sand and the shells which the natives call "John o' Groat's buckies."

Every country can show buildings that are attributed to mythical founders. It was reserved to Scotland to have real builders and a mythical house. Not a trace of the house, if it ever existed, remains. A slight green knoll, scarcely distinguishable, and where not the most active imagination can trace any octagonal form, is pointed out as its site. But of the GROATS, or GROTS, Scotch records make frequent mention. JOHN, son of HUGH GROT, of Duncansby, received in 1540 the sum of twenty pounds "for freight of his ship, sent by the Queen's grace from St. Andrews to the King's grace with writings," and seven years afterward he obtained a pardon from Queen MARY for helping his feudal lord, the Earl of Caithness, in storming the Earl Marischal's house of Akergill. It was as late as 1741 that MALCOLM GROT sold his lands and ferry between Duncansby and Orkney to WILLIAM SINCLAIR. Yet although the GROTS have this historical existence, the accounts of their first settlement in Caithness and of the building of the famous House are pure legend. The story runs that three brothers, MALCOLM, GAVIN, and JOHN GROAT, arrived in Caithness with a letter of introduction from King JAMES IV. They are said to be Dutchmen. If the skeptic doubts of the existence of Dutchmen called GAVIN and MALCOLM, he is confuted by the statement that the grandfather of JOHN SUTHERLAND, of Wester, had seen the King's letters written in Latin. These original GROATS, or DE GROOTS, increased and multiplied till there were eight of them. Then the trouble began in disputes as to precedence. During a festival where all the family met, the contest waxed high as to who should sit at the head of the table. The MACDONALD once said that he did not care where he was placed, for wherever he sat was the head of the table. But this solution could not satisfy the GROATS. Words were leading to blows, when JOHN O' GROAT, or JOHNNY GROAT, addressed his kinsmen like a Nestor, and allayed the quarrel by promising that at their next merry meeting they would find no difficulty as regards precedence. He set to work and built an octagonal house, with eight doors and eight windows, and placed in it an octagonal table. Thus all the GROATS—good easy men—were satisfied. If the aforesaid skeptic talks of Arthurian legends and the round table, he is discomfited by the assurance that Sir JOHN SINCLAIR had seen people who had seen the table, and, like our own tourists when they see curiosities, had carved their names on it. They seem to have whittled it out of this world.

The nearest hostelry to John o' Groat's used to be a neat little one-story inn, kept by Mrs. MANSON; now a new hotel of the most approved summer-resort pattern invites the wandering stranger. The Wolf's Ghoe is a deep hollow in the coast between Brabster and Freshwick. The name has probably no connection with the quadruped, but with some forgotten Norse hero named ULF. In Caithness, we must remember, we find neither Celts nor Saxons, but the old Scandinavian blood. The men have the light crisp hair, the sturdy frame, and the love of the sea that distinguished their ancestors. Every farmer is a fisherman, and every fisherman is a farmer. Around Duncansby itself the rapidity of the tides is unfavorable to the pursuit as a regular occupation, but Wick, the very head-quarters of fishdom, is only seventeen miles distant. The whole county is full of ruins that attest the wide sway and the warlike life of the old SINCLAIRS. Castles of that great Norman family, or of their enemies, are perched on every headland. Not for the beauty of the view or the picturesqueness of the scene were these sites chosen, but for their inaccessibility to hostile attack. The oldest of the fortresses of the SINCLAIRS are Gernigo and Buchollie. They are built of small stones, but cemented together with mortar so tenacious that the fallen portions are huge masses weighing tons. It was in the vaults of Buchollie that a dismal tragedy took place. WILLIAM SINCLAIR had a deadly quarrel with his son. He placed the youth in his deepest dungeon, gave him as food salt meat, and denied him a drop of water, till death ended his misery. At Buchollie another baron met his match. A MACLELLAN had somehow suffered at the hands of the SINCLAIRS. He made his complaint to the earl in terms more forcible than polite. "Follow me," was the sole reply. He followed the SINCLAIR down a winding stair, ending in an iron door. The baron produced a key, opened the door, and signed to MACLELLAN to enter. But the Gael was not to be thus entrapped. A powerful and resolute man, he sprang back, seized the earl, flung him headlong into the chamber, locked the door, and did some good go-as-you-please walking till he reached his native hills.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA.

THE effectiveness of the electric light, with which a number of the ocean steamships are now furnished, is well illustrated in the picture on our front page. The powerful, far-reaching rays illuminate the ocean pathway with a brilliancy which is a great safeguard against collisions at night, either with vessels or icebergs. The time will doubtless come when, with machinery for producing the light cheaply and steadily, every steam-ship and light-house will be supplied with this means of illumination.

ONLY A SMILE.

ONLY a smile that was given me
On the crowded street one day!
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadow of doubt hung over me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of Hope I could not hear,
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
And a face that I knew passed by,
And the smile I caught was brighter to me
Than the blue of a summer sky.
For it gave me back the sunshine,
And scattered each sombre thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a friendly face
On the busy street that day!
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
As the donor went her way.
But straight to my heart it went speeding
To gild the clouds that were there,
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies
I also might take my share.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE are thus far over three thousand applicants for the Warner prize of two hundred dollars for the discovery of the comet that was first seen in Auriga. The contestants might settle it as boat crews sometimes decide a disputed heat—by beginning again.

There is in Paris a mart for the sale of toads, and a "jump in the market" is not infrequent.

The return of Sitting Bull has recalled that he was once known in polite circles as Sedentary Taurus, and the death of Spotted Tail has given opportunity for again referring to that chieftain by his Boston name, Maculated Narrative.

A minister of the Gospel in Scott County, Indiana, is said to have preached an entire year for a salary of two dollars, payable in bacon. The paper which is the authority for this information says that the reverend gentleman escaped from the place with his life, but it evidently deems it unnecessary to add anything concerning the number of souls saved.

Mr. Button, of Lagrange, Kentucky, was a suitor for the hand of Miss Johnson, aged eighteen years. Mrs. Johnson was opposed to his suit, and she gave him a severe whipping for persisting in it. Mr. Button is eighty years old.

A decrepit old man was permitted to sleep the other night on the floor of a barber's shop in Denver, because the barber knew his history and pitied him. His name is Henry Murat, and he was once a millionaire. He spent sixty thousand dollars in a single visit to Europe, and was known throughout the far West as the Count of Colorado.

There has been considerable loss to stock-raisers in the West this season through the killing of stock by lightning along the wire fences. The animals seem to think that the fences afford protection from the storm, and they gather close to them. A single lightning stroke killed sixty-five sheep in Nebraska.

Speaking of one of the stones to be used in the flagging in front of Mr. Vanderbilt's new residence in this city, which is twenty-five feet two inches long, fifteen feet wide, and eight inches thick, a Chicago paper claims that before the great fire there was in the sidewalk on Lake Street in that city a stone within two inches as long as that to be laid in front of Mr. Vanderbilt's house, a foot wider, and two inches thicker. The same paper adds that the Lemont quarrymen who got out that monster slab are willing to undertake to furnish one of twice its size.

The fact that the watering-places have yielded this season fewer sea-serpent stories than usual, and that the sojourners have been content to see sharks and whales, is cheering evidence of progress toward a higher plane of morality.

After it had been announced that the model of a submarine torpedo boat had been discovered in the possession of a Fenian in Troy, the fact came out that it was a contrivance for preserving beer.

The Philadelphia authorities are experimenting with negro policemen. The first arrest made by one of them was that of an Irishman who was laboring under stress of whiskey. On the following morning, when his policeman appeared in court against the prisoner, the Irishman rubbed his eyes as though to clear his vision, and asked, in a tone indicating astonishment,

"Did yez arrist me?"

"Certainly I did," the policeman replied.

"Great hivins!" exclaimed the prisoner, turning to the magistrate. "Here, shquire, take out yer foine. To think that one of the Browns should iver hev come to this, to be arristed by a naygur!"

Two little girls were born at nearly the same time in a house in Oakland, Tennessee. Their mothers are sisters, closely resembling each other, and the infants closely resemble their mothers. The nurses, in *Pinafore* language, "mixed those babies up," and there is no prospect that the question of the identity of the infants will ever be settled. The question of possession is to be decided by lot.

The richest negro in Georgia, and one of the wealthiest in the South, was once a slave. His freedom was bequeathed to him by his master as a reward for faithful service. He became a land-owner and slave-holder, and when the Confederacy collapsed, he lost twenty negroes and a snug fortune in other property. His name is Henry Todd.

It is said that there are in the mountains of California two thousand prospectors for gold who live on scanty food and hope. They are very poor, but imagine themselves prospective millionaires. A bit of quartz with three specks of gold in it large enough to be seen with a magnifying-glass sets them wild with excitement. They see millions in the unworked vein. One in a thousand of these adventurers makes his fortune.

The moon is said to have been presenting a strange appearance to observers in Nevada. They saw a mock-moon partially overlapping the true orb. An amateur astronomer advanced the theory that a part of the comet's tail was attracted to the moon, forming a thin atmosphere, in which the reflection of the moon was cast.

One of the treasures recently stolen from the Providence Athenæum was the celebrated painting on ivory by Malbone, called "The Hours." An engraving of this beautiful work of art appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1879.

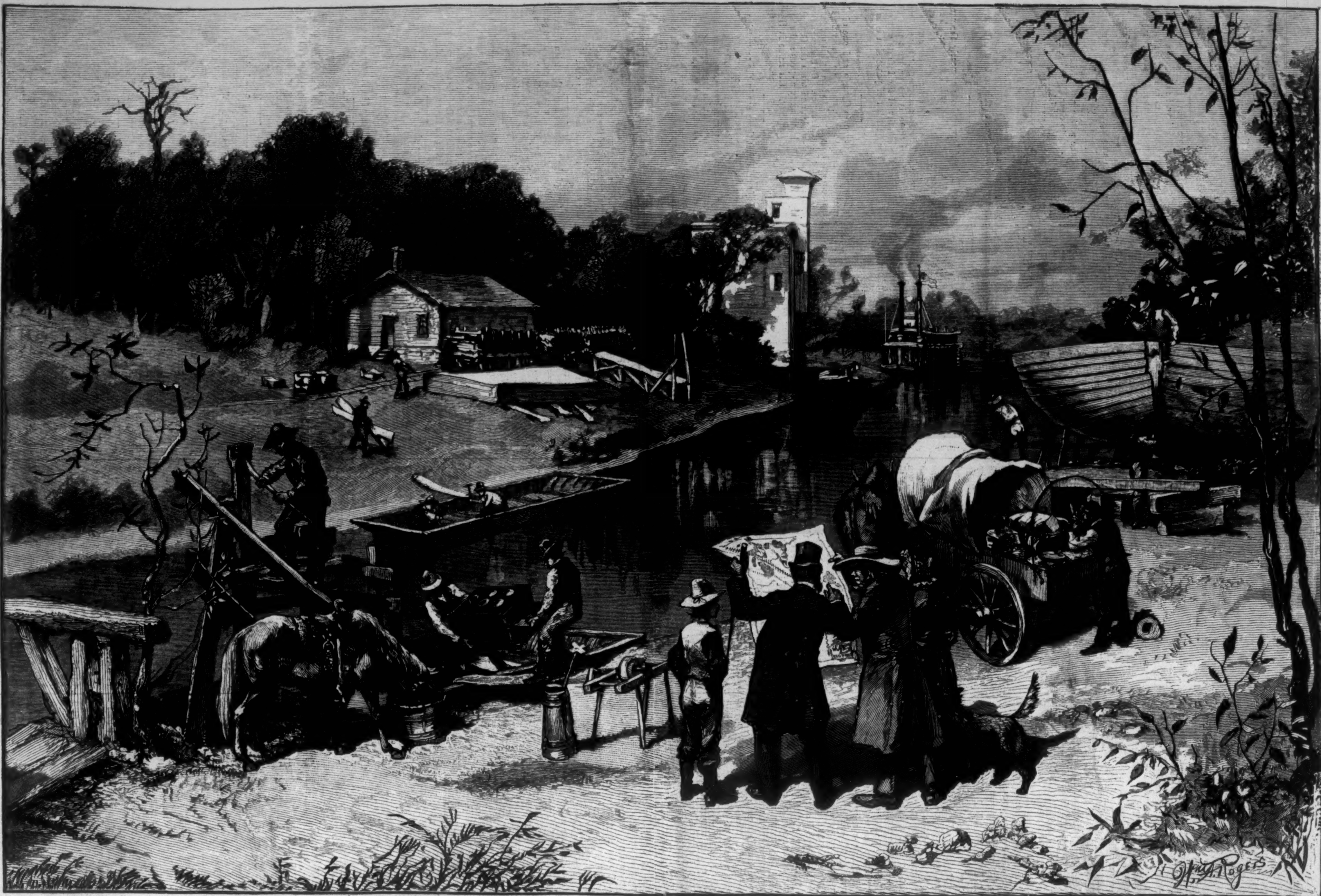
A druggist in Sedalia, Missouri, caused the arrest of a negro for disturbing the peace. The trial was before a negro jury, who promptly found the plaintiff guilty, and fined him one dollar. They were surprised to find that the prisoner was still legally held; so they acquitted him.

An eagle was shot in Lapland not long ago, which had a brass chain around its neck, to which was fastened a small tin box. In the box was a slip of paper on which was written in Danish: "Caught and set free again in 1792, by N. and C. Andersen. Boetod in Falster, Denmark."

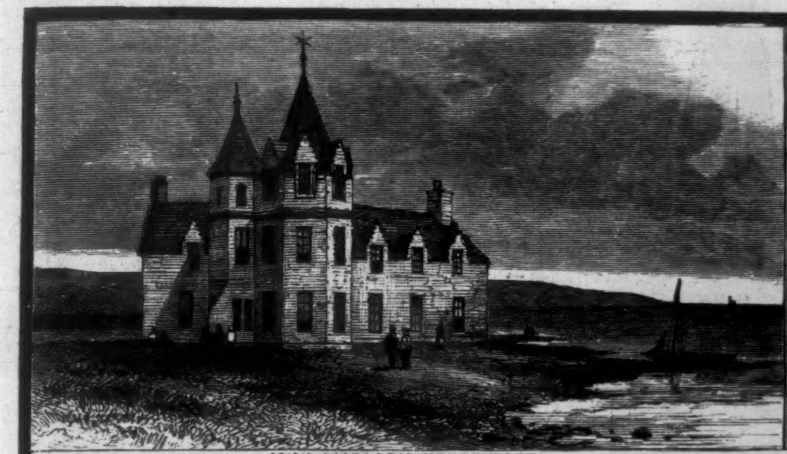
A young newspaper in a remote county of Texas offers as an inducement to settlers the editorial assurance that "society is good, and the people are moral, hospitable, and intelligent." The news columns of the same issue contain the following: "Shooting, shouting, and six-shooter serenades are indulged in since Sheriff Ware started for Austin."

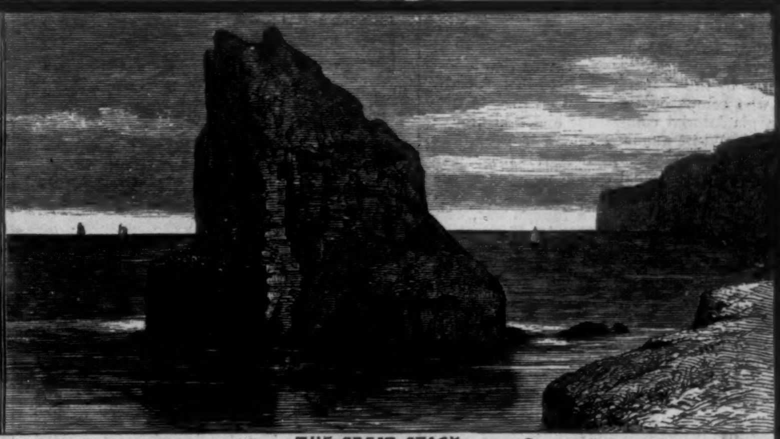
A California woman of frugal characteristics broke one of the eggs which she was placing under a hen to be hatched. What followed is told by a Pacific coast newspaper: "Not wishing to lose the egg, she—woman fashion—patched up the broken shell with a piece of court-plaster, took out an accident policy on the future of the egg and contents, and put the egg under the hen. In due course of time a chick came forth from that identical egg, apparently sound in both body and mind, with the exception of being a little cross-eyed and having no teeth."

Archdeacon Lear, at present canon in residence at the cathedral in Salisbury, England, has been made the victim of persecution similar to that from which the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of this city, suffered a year or more ago. Some thirty persons were invited to luncheon, two large schools were bidden to present themselves, and goods of many descriptions were ordered to be delivered at an appointed hour. The letters seemed to have been written by a woman. The Rev. Dr. Dix's persecutor, it will be remembered, was detected, and sent to the State-prison in Sing Sing, where he died.



FARGO, DAKOTA—HEAD OF STEAMBOAT NAVIGATION ON THE RED RIVER.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 583.]


JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE HOTEL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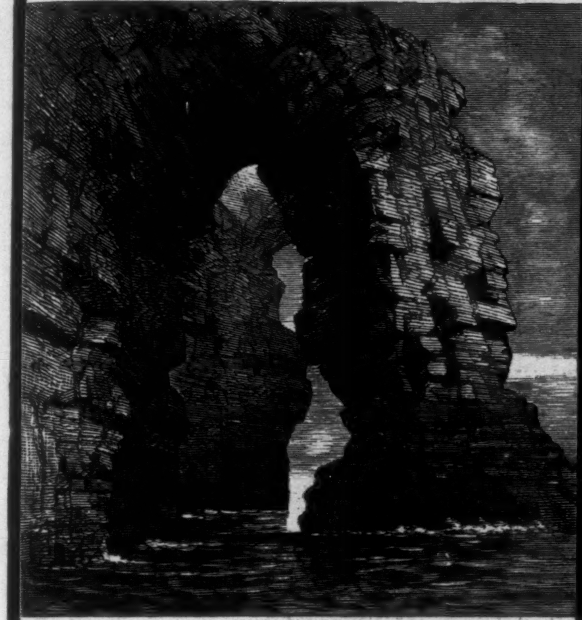
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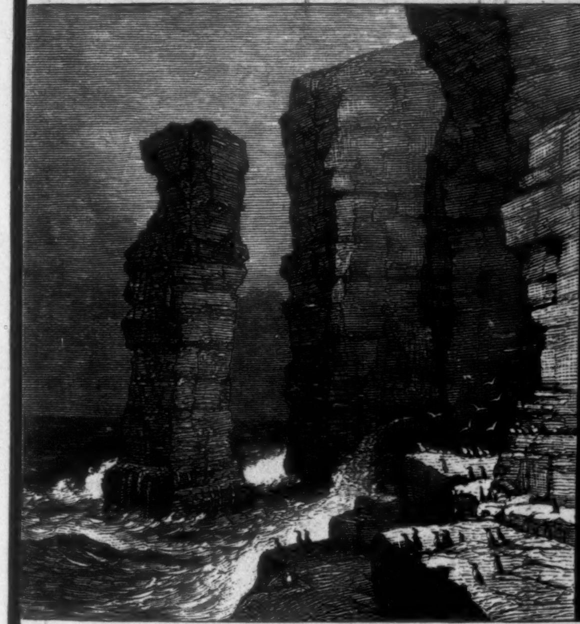
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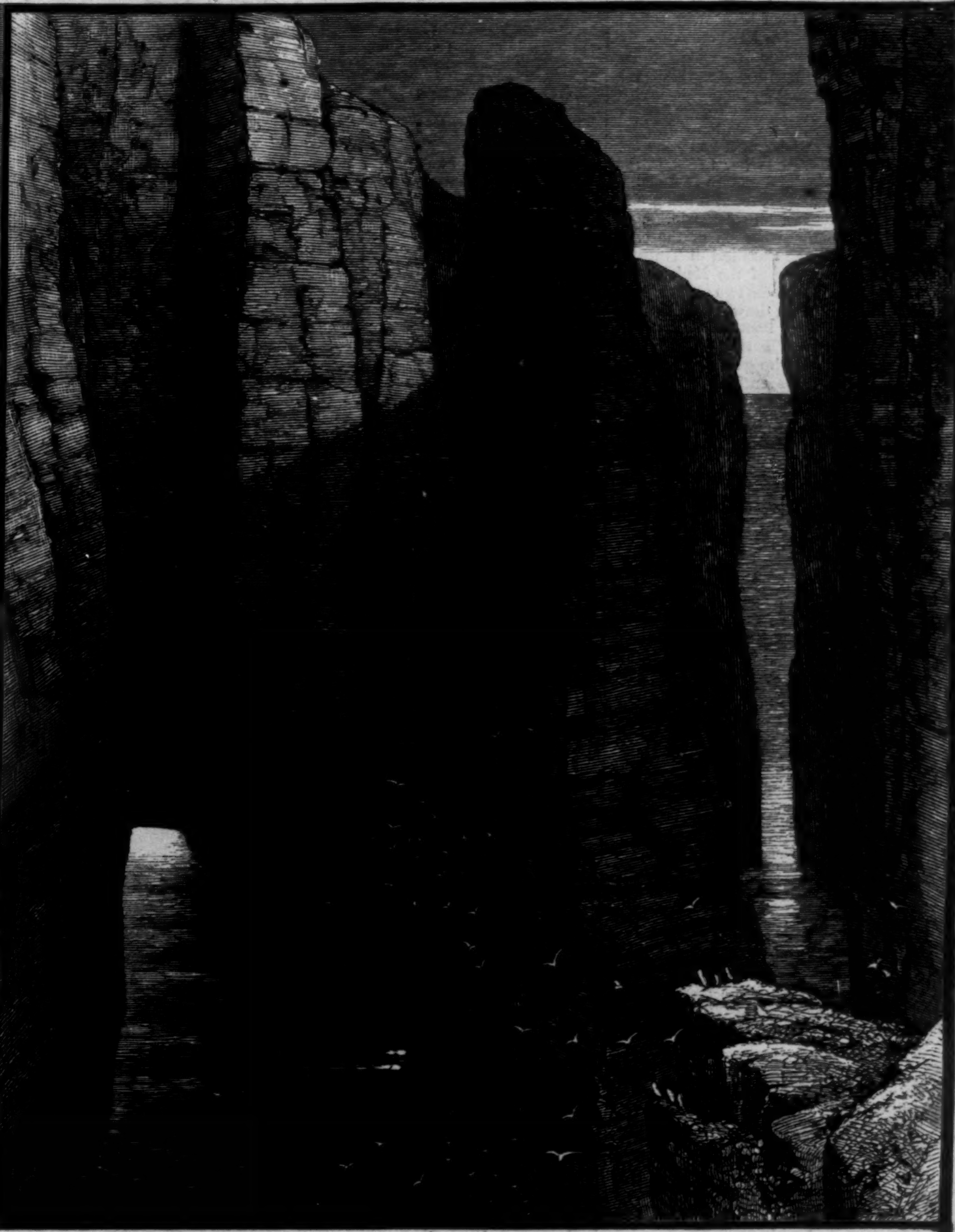
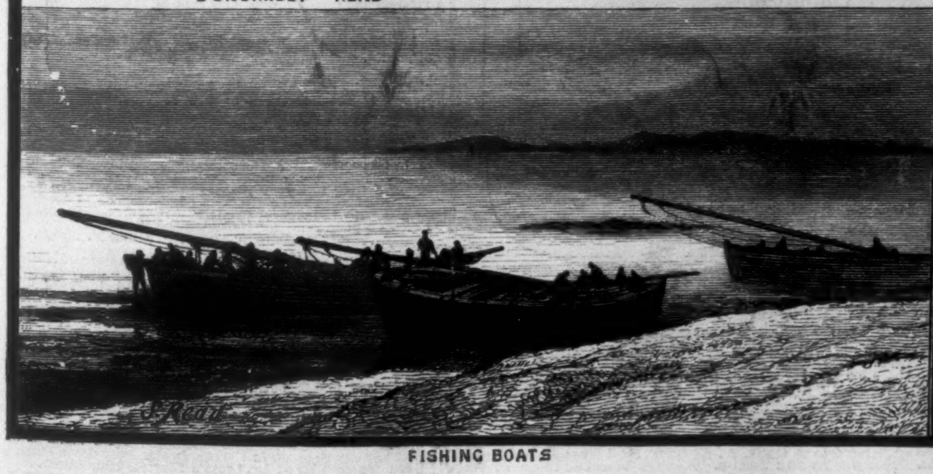
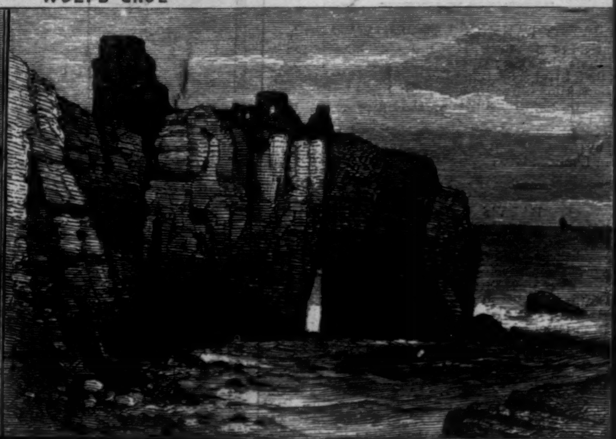

WOLF'S GHOE


FISHING BOATS


BUCHOLLIE CASTLE

JOHN O' GROAT'S—THE NORTHERNMOST HOUSE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—[See Page 587.]

THE GAME OF THE BRIDGE.

A SINGULAR and characteristic observance is annually renewed at Pisa in honor of San Ranieri, once the bishop, now the tutelary saint, of the city, whose festival falls on June 13. The *Giuoco del Ponte*, or Game of the Bridge, is no doubt shorn of some of its ancient pomp, but is still contested with sufficient earnestness to give a semblance of reality to its mimic fray. As to its origin, various traditions are cited, as that it was instituted by the Emperor Hadrian in 119, or by Nero, who compelled the Pisan citizens to provide a gladiatorial combat for him, and desired that it should be annually renewed. The most generally received legend, however, is that which claims it as a perpetual commemoration of the valor of the Pisan women, who in 1005, their liege lords being absent on a foreign war, were led on by a heroine named Chinsica Sismondi to repulse an assault made on the city at one of its bridges by Musetto, King of Sardinia, and his Saracen followers. There is at least no doubt that it is a very ancient usage, as it was fought out on the frozen Arno in 1167, during a frost so severe that wagons were able to cross the river on the ice. It is under the special protection of St. Catherine of Siena, for she, being at Pisa, was disturbed at her devotions in the Church of Santa Cristina by an unusual noise of drums and trumpets, and learning that it was only the annual game about to begin, fervently prayed that it might occasion no fatal accident either then or at any future time. She is believed also to have miraculously interfered, by the intervention of a violent thunder-storm, to prevent its performance altogether on one occasion after her death, making it known subsequently that she had done so, foreseeing that the excitement of the population would inevitably have led to bloodshed if it had gone on. A solemn mass performed in her honor in the Church of Santa Cristina is therefore part of the ceremonial of the day, attendance at it being prescribed for the Cavalieri di Mezzogiorno, or champions of the southern section of the city, while their opponents, the Cavalieri di Tramontana, assist at a high mass of the Madonna in their particular church. These two parties, each divided into six squadrons, draw up in regular order on each side of the Ponte Nuovo, where they meet in the shock of battle, victory being decided in favor of those who gain most ground from their opponents, and eventually force them across the bridge. Each side has its standards and officers, and the defeated party has the right of challenging in the ensuing year. The victors are entitled to march with torches after night-fall to take possession of the hostile camp, and on the following Sunday to celebrate a formal triumph, parading through the streets in procession, and leading their prisoners in the wake of lofty cars on which the victorious general rides in state.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.—A good hair brush cannot be bought for much less than the sum for which Dr. Scott's electric brush can be secured. This brush, aside from the curative properties claimed for it, is a well made article, handsome in appearance and first-class in every respect. It is not a metallic brush, but is made of pure bristles. Its electrical qualities are very strong, and will manifest themselves by causing the needle of a magnetic compass to vibrate even with a thick book on the top of a table intervening. Violent vibrations of the needle can be caused by passing the brush quickly back and forth within four or five inches of the compass. It is claimed for this brush that its use will cure headaches and neuralgia, will remove dandruff, and in most cases will prevent the hair from falling or turning gray. In support of this claim many testimonials from responsible persons are adduced. Evidently its use would be of great benefit wherever electricity would prove beneficial, and could not in any event result in harm.—*Boston Journal*, May 28, 1881.—[*Adv.*]

LINDA DIETZ.

Union Square Theatre.

MESSRS. WM. B. RIKER & SON:

I have long used your American Face Powder, and consider it a *very superior* article.

—[*Com.*] Yours sincerely, LINDA DIETZ.

Do not go to the country without a bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your Soda and Lemonade, and keep your digestive Organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine Angostura of world-wide fame, and manufactured only by J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Is of great benefit to pastors when run down by long continued brain work.—[*Adv.*]

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, When used in the bath or at the toilet, purifies, softens, and whitens the skin; refreshes, invigorates, and imparts a delightful sensation of coolness and buoyancy, at the same time diffusing a charming and lasting fragrance of rare exotic flowers. It is greatly superior to Eau de Cologne.

LANMAN & KEMP, New York, Sole Proprietors.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale Depot in London, No. 7 Snow Hill.—[*Adv.*]

BABY'S PETITION.

Life is restless, days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but die in teething;
Warning take all friends and mothers,
Watch the precious girls and brothers;
Read the home life of Victoria,
Children nine, all had Castoria;
No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,
Like larks they rise in early morning.—[*Adv.*]

$40 RIFLE FOR ONLY $15.

THE Evans 26-shot Sporting Rifle, advertised by E. G. RIDEOUT & Co., 10 Barclay St., is a great bargain. We are positively assured that the retail price of these Rifles was $40 each; any one can get the same Rifle now by sending to the above-named firm only $15. They offer to refund the money sent if the Rifle is not as represented. Read their large advertisement in this issue.—[*Adv.*]

STUTTERING cured by Bates' Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., Box 2236, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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POND'S EXTRACT

The Unrivalled Remedy for

Sprains, Burns, Sunburns, Bruises, Soreness, Insect Bites, Ivy Poisoning, Boils, Old Sores, &c.

THE WONDER OF HEALING.

For Hemorrhages it is the greatest stauncher of bleeding in existence.

For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises, and Sprains, it is unequalled—stopping pain and healing in a marvellous manner.

For Inflamed and Sore Eyes.—Its effect upon these delicate organs is simply marvellous. It can be used without the slightest fear of harm.

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Toothache, Faceache, Bites of Insects, Sore Feet, and all diseases of an Inflammatory character, are certainly cured by

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Tourists and Travellers

Is especially directed to the importance of providing themselves with a supply of POND'S EXTRACT. It is invaluable in case of *accidents, sick headache*, &c.

CAUTION.—POND'S EXTRACT *has been imitated. The genuine has the words* **"POND'S EXTRACT"** *blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having* **POND'S EXTRACT.** *Take no other preparation. It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for **Constipation,** bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

75 cents the box.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Pa., opens September 14. Degrees conferred. COL. THEO. HYATT, President.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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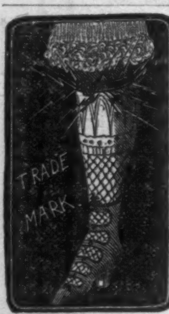

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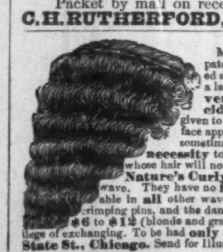

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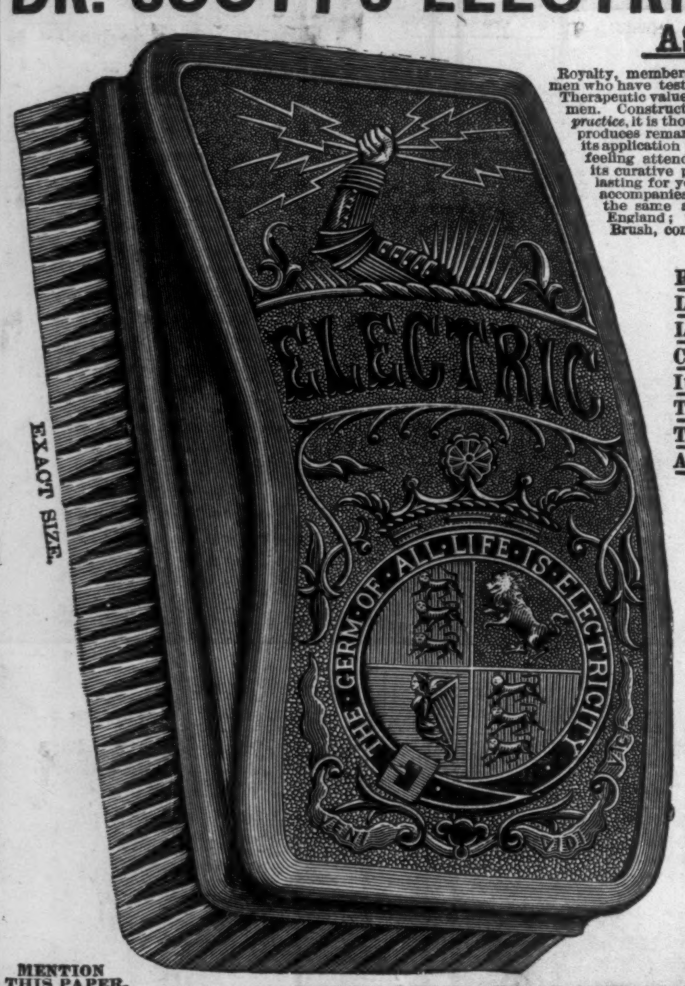
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TESTIMONIALS.

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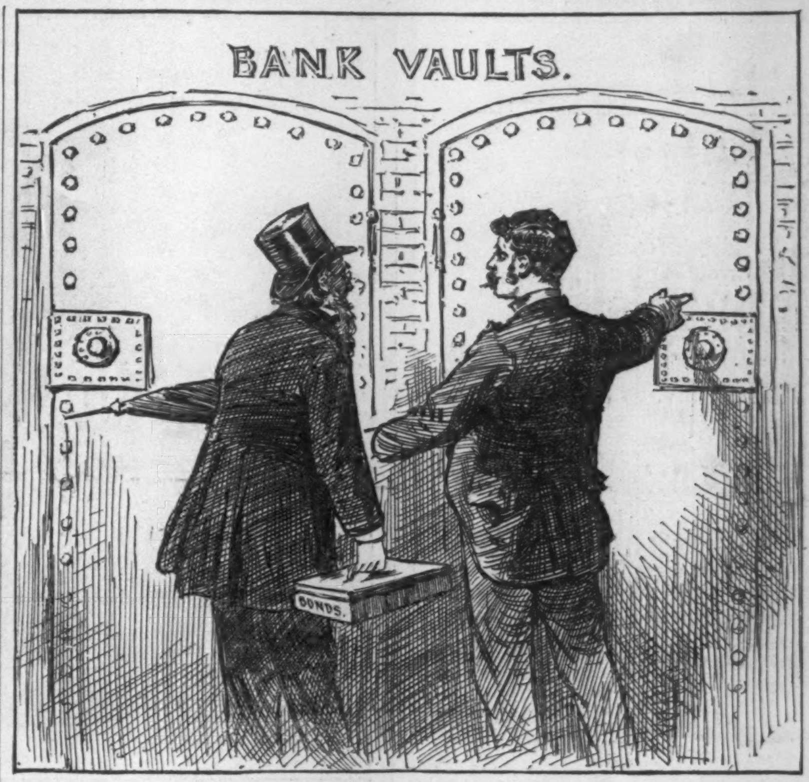

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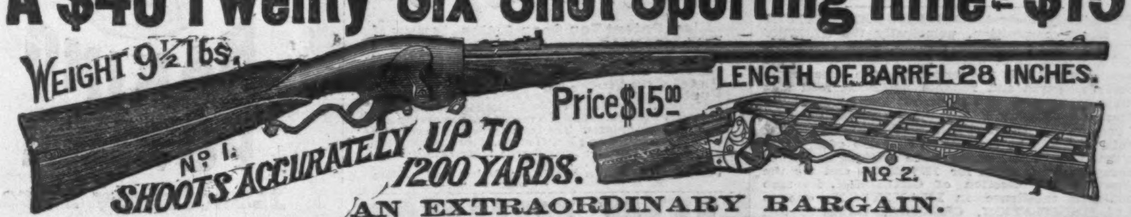
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